

Breeding Mom And Daughter



By Natalia Darque

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Chapter One

Kevin

This story began when Kevin took a job at a small university in East Texas. Moving from a large city, and having been recently divorced, he was looking to start over with new roots in a new town. Having been divested of nearly everything by the female man-eating judge in the Family Court his divorce was heard in, he was eager for a new start. He essentially had a little money, a beat-up old car, and no home. His bitch of an ex-wife had cleaned him out in court.

At 33, he felt like he was way too young to start over, but was glad to be out from his old situation. He was still whip-cord lean from his youth, and firm from his time in the military a few years back. He had to admit that he still looked good. He had a full head of chestnut brown hair, nice teeth thanks to parents who believed in orthodontics, and blue eyes that always got him a lot of compliments. After he left the military, he went to school using his GI Bill and worked until he got his master's degree. He ended up in this town after seeking a teaching assignment and a place in a doctoral program.

He left behind a bitter, complaining, bitchy ex-wife who gained well over 60 pounds in the first year after they were married. She went from a petite 115 pounds at 5'2" to a swollen, bloated Jabba the Hutt in short order, and developed a personality that would

qualify as a form of birth control. He was so glad that they never had children, which would have complicated his divorce. Given the fact that she bitched so incessantly about everything, he was never in the mood to climb in bed with her, a fact that she surprisingly didn't understand. It also helped to insure that they never procreated.

He arrived at his new teaching assignment and quickly got settled in. Finding a place to live was high on his priority list. He checked into a long-term hotel that rented rooms by the week as a start, but determined that he could probably find a cheaper alternative. He checked into a few local apartment complexes, but quickly discovered that he didn't have the funds, or the credit rating for that matter, to qualify for any kind of a decent apartment.

After a few days in his crappy rented hotel room, he got a copy of the local newspaper, which only came out twice a week, and looked to see if any housing was listed that looked promising. He glanced down the better part of half a page of real estate listings and apartment advertising. Everything was either out of his reach financially, or was an apartment he had already looked into and been turned down. It was starting to look like the hotel was going to be his permanent residence.

Then at the end of the housing section of the newspaper, he noticed a section for "Rooms For Rent." There was only one listing. The ad said:

Room for rent, furnished or unfurnished,

full kitchen with privileges. \$250 a month.

Call XXX-XXX-XXXX

The ad, and especially the price, certainly caught his eye. It was less than half of what he was paying for his crappy motel room. So he picked up his iPhone and rang the number in the ad. After a few rings, a pleasant female answered.

“Hello,” the disembodied voice said from the earpiece of his phone.

“Yes, I’m calling about the room you’ve advertised for rent. Is it still available?” he asked.

“Why yes it is,” the pleasant female voice said on the other end. “In fact, I had about given up. I advertised it over a week ago, and you’re the first person to call about it.”

“That’s great,” he responded. “What can you tell me about it?”

“Well,” she explained, “it’s furnished now, but if you want to use your own furniture, I can take everything out, or just part of it. It’s your call. There is a separate entrance, so you can come and go as you please, and of course, you can have run of the kitchen and living areas, so long as we can work out a schedule between you and I, and my daughter of course.”

“OK,” he said, “that all sounds great. I don’t have much furniture, so the furnished aspect is appealing to me, as is the price. Could I come by and take a look at it?”

“Sure,” she responded. “I’m at home now and for the rest of the evening for that matter, so anytime today would work for me.”

“Awesome,” he said. “Give me an address, and I’ll head over there right now.”

She rattled off an address, which he scribbled down.

“Do you need directions?” she asked.

“No,” he answered, “I’ll just use my GPS.”

“Cool,” she replied. “See you in a bit.”

He said his goodbyes and went quickly to his car. Something about this situation seemed so promising. The lady sounded pleasant on the phone. He envisioned her being a middle-aged mother type, probably chunky and plain-looking. He didn’t know what to think about the daughter she mentioned, and wondered if there was anyone else in the picture.

Jumping in his car, he plugged the address into his Bitch-In-A-Box and got the directions to the lady's place. It was just a few miles from his school, so the location was fantastic. He covered the miles to her place very quickly, and soon, guided by the mechanical female voice of his GPS, he arrived in front of a smallish to medium-sized house, with an immaculately well-kept lawn. He checked the address she had given him and made sure the mechanical bitch hadn't delivered him to the wrong house.

Satisfied that he was at the right place, he clambered out of his car and headed to the front door.

Chapter Two

Charlotte

After the man called about the room she advertised for rent, Charlotte waited in the front living room watching TV. From her seat, she saw a car pull up out front. After a slight delay, she saw a young looking man get out and approach the door.

She heard a knock at the door, moved to it, and opened the door. Standing there was a nice-looking younger guy. He was much better than she had expected. He had wavy, chestnut hair, and stood about 6 feet tall. He was lean and maybe tending a little to the muscular side. Making eye contact, she noticed that his blue eyes were mesmerizing. He smiled, and showed a fantastic set of pearly white teeth. God, she was such a sucker for good teeth and blue eyes. Her fucking ex didn't have either one.

She couldn't help but notice that the young man tried to clandestinely eye her up and down. His attempts at subtlety failed. She felt his gaze move up and down her frame. She saw his eyes widen. She wasn't really surprised.

She had always been an exercise freak. Her current exercise regimen was to get up at 4 am every day and run. During that run, she covered five miles. She carefully chose a route that didn't allow her to wuss out. She had to finish the route once she reached the halfway point. A few months before, she had joined a boot camp group, and twice a week, she did boot camp in the evenings when her work permitted it.

As a result, at 48 years old, she weighed 115 pounds at 5'3" tall. She had what Crystal, her 18-year old daughter, called a 'banging body.' Part of that body was helped by the only extravagance she allowed herself from her divorce settlement. The day after the check arrived from her ex-husband for half of his huge 401(k) plan, she contacted a plastic surgeon and had arranged for implants to be done on her breasts. She went from a large A, or small B cup to a large C, or small D, depending on the bra she wore. She kept her blonde hair long, in the layered style made famous by Jennifer Aniston.

She saw the stranger's bugged-out eyes quickly recover. He fixed her gaze with his mesmerizing blue eyes.

"Hi," he said in a sexy, resonant voice. "I came to see the room you have for rent."

"Sure, come in," she answered.

"I'm Kevin, by the way," he said. "Please forgive my manners."

"I'm Charlotte," she replied, somewhat flustered. "I suppose my manners were lacking too. It's very nice to meet you."

"Please, follow me," she added. "Let me show you the room."

Chapter Three

Kevin

Kevin was floored when the door opened. He expected a frumpy middle-aged woman carrying too much weight. Instead, he came face to face with a drop-dead gorgeous woman with one of the most amazing bodies he had ever seen. Probably a size 2, maybe a 4 tops, capped with a magnificent rack, she had a lithe, athletic body that almost made him start drooling on the spot. She had gorgeous, long blond layered hair.

After offering to show him the room, she turned to lead him, and he followed. He couldn't help but find his eyes magnetically attracted to her fantastic derriere. She had

to be at least in her late thirties, but she had a butt that any woman, even a teenager, would kill for.

She opened a door in the hallway and ushered him into a bedroom. He glanced around. It was tastefully furnished with what looked like a queen-sized four poster bed, a dresser and a desk. A pair of night stands with matching lamps completed the room. It was perfect. None of his crappy furniture would be any better, so he could live here as is. All he needed to do was move his computer in and set it up at the desk, and he would be in business. As she mentioned, there was an exterior door that opened up out the side of the house, obviously facing out into the driveway.

“Wow, this is nice!” he exclaimed.

“Now you can use your own furniture if you want. I can put this stuff in storage if you don’t like it,” she offered.

“Actually, this is far better than anything I have. I’ll just move in a computer,” he told her.

“Well, we have wi-fi, so you if your computer can connect that way, all you’ll need to do it plug it in. I’ll give you the WEP key of course,” she offered.

“This is just great. I love the room, and the location is just perfect for me,” he said.

“Oh, does that mean you want to take it?” she asked. “I should at least show you the kitchen.”

“That probably would be a good idea,” he said. “Maybe I’m getting ahead of myself.”

“This way,” she said and turned and walked from the room. He was right behind her, his eyes glued on her incredible ass.

“This is it,” she said as she led him into the most amazing kitchen he had ever seen. Featuring dark wood cabinets, granite countertops, and a pot rack hanging from the ceiling, it was obviously well put together and equipped. A set of fantastic cookware hung from the pot rack. Looking around he saw all the things he had always wanted but never had. Stainless steel appliances, a fridge with water and ice in the door, a six burner gas cooktop, and even a double gas oven.

“Whoa,” he exclaimed. “I think I’ve died and gone to heaven.”

“Most guys don’t get that excited about kitchens,” she said with a sexy little chuckle. “This was my ex-husband’s last renovation project before he decided to move on.”

Charlotte saw Kevin’s eyes lift at the brief mention of the “ex” husband.

“Well, I guess I ain’t most guys. I love to cook, and I love to eat. I don’t watch sports, I watch the Cooking Channels. Something my ex-wife didn’t appreciate very much,” he told her.

“Well, if you like to cook, I would love to get a break. Feel free to cook for me anytime,” she told him with a smile.

“OK,” he replied, fixing her in his gaze. “I might just do that.”

“So you’ll take it?” she asked, with just a hint of question to her voice.

“Unless there’s some strange catch, I don’t see a thing wrong with this. Great room, great kitchen, really nice landlord, and the price is right. Am I missing something?” he asked.

“No, I don’t think so.” she said. “This is our first time to rent, so we might be learning too. But if you want run of the kitchen to yourself, you will need to work that out with me and my daughter. We will have first priority, obviously. If you want to share meals with us, I don’t have a problem with that, but we might work out some way of sharing food costs. Is that reasonable?”

“Oh yeah, very reasonable,” he responded. “If you’ll have me, I’ll take it.”

“Great!” she said excitedly. “I am so happy to have someone show up that seems so nice and, er, well... normal.” She giggled like a schoolgirl.

“Well, I know you must be apprehensive allowing a stranger into your home. Just know that you and your daughter don’t have to worry about me,” he said.

“Oh, I sensed that. And I’m usually a pretty good judge of character” she added after just a little pause.

Chapter Four

Charlotte

The first weeks after Kevin moved in were a whirlwind. They talked for a while that first day, and he told her of his new job at the university. She shared with him her work as a freelance stenographer. She was often hired by different attorneys to take depositions and made great money doing it. Her hours were short, but the pay was long. It was her kind of job.

He was in and out constantly, putting in long hours at the college. He explained that he had to prepare lectures to get his classes ready to go. He was teaching five sections of history at the school, but each section was in a different subject, so his preparation load was crushing for now.

He usually arrived home late at night, about ten or so, and immediately went to his room to collapse. The only times that they had spoken much was during breakfast. He went in fairly late three days a week, since his classes didn't begin until later. He would come down to the kitchen table in a robe, or T-shirt and sleeping pants. She figured out his schedule and made sure that she had breakfast on for him those mornings that she could predict his schedule.

Crystal, her 18 year old daughter, got along great with him. He had a really easy-going manner and got along with her well, which explained why he was teaching college. One morning, she came into the kitchen and found Kevin helping her with her history homework.

Later, Crystal told Charlotte, confidentially, that she thought Kevin was "hot."

Crystal was the captain of the high school drill team, and was dating the quarterback on the football team. She was built just like Charlotte, pre-boob job. She had a nice B-cup rack on top of a lithe, athletic size 0 or 2 body. Everyone said she was a brunette version of her mother, with the same kind of tight little body, and a lithe dancer's build. Her long chestnut colored hair was also worn in the popular Jennifer Aniston type layers.

"Charlotte, thanks for you and Crystal taking such good care of me," Kevin said one morning after he had come out to find bacon, eggs and English muffins ready for his breakfast.

“Kevin, you know I don’t mind. You’ve been a dear to Crystal and I,” she said.

“How have I been a dear? I don’t feel like I’ve even been home,” he asked.

“Well, you haven’t been any trouble at all,” she explained. “We couldn’t ask for anyone better. And Crystal got an “A” on that history project you helped her with.”

He chuckled, and drew his fist down in a pumping motion.

“Yes! I knew it!” He practically screamed.

They both shared a laugh together, celebrating in Crystal’s success.

“Well,” as told her, when they came up for air, “as soon as I can, I promise I am going to cook for you. As soon as I have some time and get my first paycheck, I’m going to blow your socks off!”

“Well that, sir, I am very much looking forward to!” she replied.

Chapter Five

Kevin

From his office, Kevin logged onto his laptop early one day and checked the balance of his bank account. From its paltry two-digit number, Kevin gleefully saw that his bank account had swollen by nearly four thousand dollars.

Taking his iPhone from his pocket, he pulled up Charlotte’s contact and typed a text message.

Do you have plans for dinner?

About a minute or so later, his alert tone went off. He looked for her reply.

Not for dinner. Going to watch Crystal

perform at halftime at the game

tonight, but open otherwise.

Kevin typed in his reply...

Can I make you dinner tonight? Say six?

Charlotte replied:

I'll be there with bells on!

Kevin left his office early that day, as soon as he could bust loose. He knew that he a ton of stuff to do if he was to make the meal that he really wanted to make for Charlotte. He knew he was attracted to her, badly, and wanted to do something special. So he fell back on a tried and true recipe, quite simply the most romantic meal he had ever eaten. Chateaubriand for Two.

When he left the office, he hightailed it to the best grocery store in town. Heading straight inside for the butcher shop, he ordered a 1-1/2 pound piece of center cut beef tenderloin, telling the butcher he was making chateaubriand. He got the best cut of meat out of the center of a complete tenderloin.

He picked up Portobello mushrooms, fresh asparagus, some fixins' for a Ceasar Salad and some baking sized potatoes and headed for the check out.

Driving down the street to the nearest liquor store, he went in and asked for a bottle of cognac and a bottle of Madiera wine. He also picked up some other bottles of wines to have with the meal. He didn't know if she was a red wine or white wine girl. After dealing with the store clerks for a bit, he left in a hurry to pull off his surprise.

By the time it was said and done, he had spent about a hundred bucks on this meal, but it was going to be worth it. Charlotte would be amazed and pleased.

Once at home, Kevin stoked a charcoal fire on the BBQ pit out back. Taking his potatoes, he slathered them in butter, salt and fresh ground pepper and put them in the grill. He liberally sprinkled hickory wood chips on the fire to get the good wafting

smoke he wanted. He knew that once the potatoes absorbed the smoke from the grill, they would be amazing.

Inside, he prepared the tenderloin for grilling by a simple dosing with fresh ground black pepper and placed it in a cast iron skillet. He then took the asparagus, cropped off the cut-off ends and wrapped bundles of three or four inside strips of bacon for roasting.

As the hour of Charlotte's arrival home from work loomed, Kevin seared the beef tenderloin in the skillet stovetop, before moving it to the oven to roast. After a few minutes he added the asparagus to the oven.

Carefully watching his beef, Kevin removed it from the oven at the right time, drained the juices to a skillet, and tented the meat with foil. In the skillet, he combined garlic, some olive oil and Portobello mushrooms to sauté.

At that moment, Charlotte came through the front door.

"Something smells really good!" she exclaimed.

"Wanna see something that looks good?" he asked from the kitchen.

"Sure!" she replied and came to the kitchen door.

He doused the sautéing mushrooms with cognac and tilted the skillet to ignite the alcohol. The skillet burst into flames, which quickly settled to a deep blue flame.

"Oh my god!" Charlotte squealed.

"Dinner will be served in about five minutes," he told her as the flames subsided.

"I'll just go get changed for the football game then," she said.

"You do that. I'll be ready for you," he told her.

As Charlotte went upstairs to change, he feverishly went about getting her meal ready. He sliced thin medallions of beef chateaubriand, which he slathered with the Madiera Cognac Au Jus he had made for it. Each plate was accompanied by a smoked roasted potato and a bunch of bacon-wrapped roasted asparagus.

"Oh my god! That smells SOOO good!" he heard a voice exclaim from the doorway of the kitchen.

He looked up and saw her. She had her long blond hair down. She was wearing a sweater that hugged her impressive breasts. Down below, she wore a tight fitting pair of “skinny” jeans that hugged her amazing ass and legs. For shoes she had on a pair of Uggs boots that were popular with the teenage girls. Very few women Charlotte’s age could pull off wearing them. But she clearly did.

He felt himself start to harden at the sight of her.

Chapter Five

Charlotte

As she sat down for the meal that Kevin had prepared for her, she was just amazed at his culinary skills.

He started with a question. He turned around from the counter with a bottle of wine in each hand.

“Red or White?” he asked.

“Yes, please,” she answered with a smirk. He laughed.

“White actually,” she said. “Red wine and I don’t get along very well.”

He quickly popped the cork and delivered two glasses of white wine to the table. He then produced two salad bowls filled with Caesar Salad. He was on a roll already. That was one of her favorites.

“The dressing is just amazing,” she said after she tried the salad.

“It’s made from scratch,” he told her.

“Wow! It’s just perfect,” she told him.

He got up and returned with her main course. Before her, he set a plate with sliced medallions of beef tenderloin, covered in a rich sauce made from Madiera wine, cognac and sliced portabella mushrooms. For sides he had bacon-wrapped bunches of asparagus and a smoked, roasted potato.

“Kevin, this is just amazing,” she told him.

“Well, I wanted to do something to show you how much I appreciate how good you and Crystal have been to me,” he told her sincerely.

“Well, this’ll work!” she told him as she dug in.

They spent most of the next hour eating and talking. She peppered him with questions about how he learned how to cook. She found out that he had a lifelong love of cooking that went unappreciated in his marriage. He had married a woman who came from a family that tended to eat the same few things over and over and she turned up her nose at anything outside of her comfort zone. He had only really gotten the chance to cook meals like this after he kicked her to the curb.

“Stupid bitch,” she thought to herself as she ate the amazing meal he had prepared.

As their meal and conversation wound down, she looked at him and fixed him in her gaze.

“Do you have any other plans this evening?” she asked.

“No. Not anything in particular,” he said.

“Well, I’m going to watch Crystal at the football game. She performs at halftime. You want to come with me?” she asked.

“Sure!” he responded. “That’ll be fun.”

“I normally get there late, and leave right after halftime. I don’t mind watching the drill team, but that football team sucks. Every week those boys get beaten like a red-headed stepchild with freckles and braces.”

He roared with laughter at her turn of words. He had certainly never heard that phrase before.

Chapter Six

Kevin

As they left the house later for the game, he reflected that he had done pretty good so far. Charlotte was impressed with the meal, that was for sure. They had sat at the table and talked until time to leave to make halftime. They polished off a bottle of wine between them, and started into a second one.

When it was time to leave, they headed for Charlotte's car. She surprised him by handing him the keys and asking him if he wanted to drive. He had gotten familiar with the town, and knew where the stadium was.

Taking the keys, he opened the passenger door for Charlotte, and held it open as she got in.

"Thank you," she said as he closed the door.

Moving around the car, he got into the driver's side and started getting the car fired up.

"I can't even remember the last time a man held a door open for me," she told him.

"Well then someone's mama didn't raise 'em right," Kevin said, turning on the faux Southern accent. "My mama would have whupped my ass if she saw me let you get yourself into the car."

"I need to meet your mama sometime," Charlotte added with a giggle.

"She's old school. And I mean log cabin old school," Kevin said with a giggle.

Within a few minutes, they arrived at the stadium. He pulled into a parking place and shut down the car. Charlotte reached for the door handle.

"Wait! Don't touch that door handle! My mama might have spies out here!" he said.

Charlotte withdrew her hand as if the door handle was radioactive.

"Oh shit! Sorry!" she said giggling.

Kevin got out of the car, shutting the door behind him, and strode around the car in a greatly exaggerated manner. He could see Charlotte chuckling in the car at the show he was putting on. He opened the door for her, and offered his hand, which she took.

“Ma’am,” he said very formally. He closed the door behind her after she stepped out of the car. She giggled again.

“Are you really worried that your mama has spies out here?” she asked with a giggle.

“Darlin’, my mama is like Santa. She knows everything,” Kevin told her, straightfaced.

He crooked his arm and offered it to Charlotte.

She laced her arm inside his and he led her into the stadium. He felt great walking inside a stadium packed with spectators with a gorgeous woman on his arm. He glanced down at Charlotte and saw that she appeared to be thinking about the same thing. She kept glancing up at him with a big smile, clearly enjoying the moment. He escorted her into the stadium and led her up the stairs to find a seat near the 50-yard line to watch her daughter. He noticed eyes turning their way as they came up the stairs, and wondered whether she was the center of attention, or whether it was because he was with her.

As they took their seats, Crystal looked around and saw them take their seats. She waved excitedly when she saw them there to watch her. Within just a minute or so, as the first half was winding down, the drill team was ordered onto the field, to take position in the end zone to prepare for the halftime show. Crystal gave another short wave before she led the team onto the field.

They dutifully watched the drill team take the team. When Crystal was announced as the Team Captain, she jumped up and did the splits, dropping onto the field in that position. Kevin winced at the thought of that.

“If I did that, I would be in tears, and taken off the field on a stretcher,” he said, leaning close and whispering conspiratorially into Charlotte’s ear.

“Me too, I’m afraid,” she whispered back, catching his eye for a brief second.

As they watched the drill team, Kevin echoed Charlotte’s cheers and screams, cheering the drill team on. Nobody mistook them for football fans as they screamed. The scoreboard showed the home team down 28-0 at the half.

As the crappy football team took the field, the drill team filed back into their seats. As Crystal filed into place, she waved to both of them. They both waved back.

“OK, let’s get the hell out of here,” Charlotte said, leaning close to his ear.

“You don’t like football?” Kevin asked.

“Not this team. Jerry’s Kids could kick their asses,” Charlotte whispered.

Kevin laughed out loud, before clapping his hand over his mouth in feigned surprise. Charlotte stood, making it clear she was ready to go.

Kevin stood and offered his arm. Charlotte took it.

“Shall we?” he asked.

“Let’s get the hell out of here. I don’t want to watch Crystal’s boyfriend throw four more interceptions.”

Kevin laughed and led her from the stands. He seemed to sense hundreds of eyes glued on them.

Chapter Seven

Charlotte

They didn’t talk much on the way home. Both seemed to be digesting the events of the evening. If he was anything like her, he was figuring out his next move. She knew that she wanted him. This night had proven that he was a great guy. He could make conversation, he had a sense of humor, and he was cute as a damn button. She wondered if he was as good in the bed as he was out of it.

Kevin pulled her car into the driveway. She reached for the door handle.

“Wait!” he said. “My mama might have spies afoot!”

She giggled, but waited as he got out of the car and came around to her side and opened her door for her. He offered his hand, and she took it and climbed out of the car.

“Thanks. Your mama would be proud of you tonight,” she told him.

“God, I hope so. She used to use a leather strap on my ass. If I did anything wrong, please don’t tell her,” he said with a laugh.

“If she were here, I would sing your praises,” she told him as she began walking toward the house.

“That’s good to know,” she heard him say from behind her.

She unlocked the door and let them both in. It was still early. It was only 8:30 she noticed when she looked at the clock.

“It’s early,” she said once they were inside. “Do you want to watch TV or find a movie or something?”

“A TV, a movie, or something?” he asked with a huge grin. She went weak at the sight of his perfect teeth. “Any of those three would be fine with me.”

“Uh, why don’t we look for a movie?” she asked.

“Sounds good,” he replied.

Charlotte sat down on the couch. She motioned, via a patting hand, for him to sit down next to her. He plopped down onto the couch next to her. After nearly a month in their home, he had never been this close to her. On the few times he had watched TV with them, he was always on the love seat, or in the separate chair. He had been very respectful the entire time.

Charlotte found a Romantic Comedy on Pay-Per-View and asked if that was something he wanted to watch.

“Sure,” he replied. “That looks great.”

She accepted the purchase agreement on the screen, and the movie started to roll.

Within seconds, the previews started to show. She knew this was going to be 15 minutes of crap before the movie started. She decided that this was the time to make a move.

Gulping from her nervousness, she turned to Kevin and looked deeply into his bedroom blue eyes.

“Kevin, I want to thank you for tonight,” she said nervously.

“Oh, it was nothing...” he started to respond.

“Kevin, trust me,” she said, “It was something. It meant a great deal to me. You cooked for me, you escorted me like a knight in shining armor to the football game, you made me feel better than I have felt in five years. Trust me, I need to thank you for everything.”

“OK, then... I guess... your welcome,” he stammered, for once at loss for words.

She leaned forward and kissed him, chastely, on the lips.

“Thanks,” she said after breaking contact.

Kevin didn't say a word. His arm reached up and snaked around her neck and pulled her close to him. His mouth found hers. She felt his lips press hard against hers, unlike the chaste kiss she had given him. His lips were seeking hers urgently. She felt his tongue slip through his lips seeking hers. She parted her lips and felt electricity as their tongues found each other.

As they started kissing furiously, Kevin broke away, and pushed her away suddenly, Charlotte was shocked.

“Charlotte,” he asked. “What about Crystal? When is she coming home?”

“She goes out with Dipshit, I mean Mark, after every game. She won't be home until midnight at the earliest.”

“Oh, ok,” he said and began kissing her furiously again. His hands roamed up and found her ample breasts. She felt herself tingling as his hands kneaded her breasts. As his fingers sought out and found her nipples, she felt an electric surge shoot through her body.

“God!” she thought. “How long has it been?”

Then she thought back, as Kevin caressed and aroused her. It had been five years since her husband left her for a younger model. She wondered what her ex would think now. She had a man 15 years her junior. Her ex left her for a girl 20 years his junior and now

she was a fat, dumpy woman after giving him one child, and then a set of twins. As usual, he was too cheap to allow any of his money to be used to pay to repair the ravages of childbirth. Likely, he was just on the prowl for someone younger and prettier.

“Baby, I need to tell you something,” Kevin said urgently, breaking contact with her.

“What, darling,” she asked.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve...er...done anything like this,” he said.

“How long?” she asked.

“Nearly a year. I just got divorced, and you are the first woman I’ve been with. We weren’t exactly active in the last year of our marriage,” he explained.

“Almost a year?” she asked. “Is that all?”

He raised an eyebrow questioningly.

“Baby, I haven’t been with a man in over five years,” she bluntly told him.

“Five years?” he asked in disbelief.

“Yeah, five years. I concentrated on raising my child when my husband left me. I didn’t worry about getting laid,” she explained.

“I just can’t believe that a woman that looks like you couldn’t get laid in five years,” he said.

“Oh, Kevin, you misunderstood me. I didn’t say I COULDN’T get laid. I just said I didn’t get laid. I worried about my daughter and nothing else. My husband left, and my priority became my daughter.

“Well, would you mind if I say something possibly inappropriate about your ex-husband?” he asked.

“No. Go right ahead,” she said.

“Your ex is possibly the stupidest son-of-a-bitch in world history,” Kevin told her.

“Well your ex-wife isn’t exactly an Einstein,” she shot back.

There was a long pregnant pause.

“Now why don’t we don’t we just take this to the bedroom where it belongs?” she asked.

Chapter Eight

Kevin

“I don’t make a habit of asking men to my bedroom, but when one can be such a gentlemen, it makes that decision a lot easier,” Charlotte said as she took his hand and led him to her bedroom.

“Charlotte, I, uh...” he stammered.

Charlotte turned and pressed her upright index finger to his lips.

“Shhhhh...,” she told him. “You don’t need to say a word.”

“You’re doing real good right now,” she continued. “At this rate, someone’s probably gonna get lucky,” she said as she gave him a knowing grin.

Kevin followed her nervously into the bedroom. He had seen the inside of her room from passing by it in the hallway, but he had never been allowed inside. It was decoratively furnished with nice hardwood furniture, including a four poster canopy bed. From each corner of the bedframe hung a delicate netting that framed the bed, creating an appearance of a wall around the bed, with gaps on each of the four sides.

Charlotte shut the door behind her and came to Kevin’s side next to her bed. Without a word, she snaked her arm around his neck and pulled him into a soulful, passionate kiss. He felt her hands slide underneath his pullover top and feel his abdomen and chest. Emboldened, he slid his hands under her sweater and ran them up her body until he encountered the underwire of her bra. He slid his hands around her back, found the clasp of her bra, and deftly unclasped it.

He moved his hands back around the front, ran them under her bra, and felt her shudder as his hands cupped her magnificent breasts, his thumbs and forefingers finding her nipples.

Kevin felt her hands fumbling for the hem of his pullover top, and then felt her beginning to tug it over his head. He lifted his arms to allow her to pull it off over him. He did likewise, grabbing the bottom of her sweater and tugging it off over her head. After discarding her sweater, she looked him in the eyes, and grabbed the straps of her bra and pulled it down, discarding it on the floor next to her sweater. He marveled at her amazing breasts.

Back in each other's grasp, they seemed to think alike as they collapsed onto the bed, with Charlotte going down first, pulling Kevin down on top of her. Kevin's hands returned to her amazing breasts, and he began kneading and caressing them. He felt her hand drop to his crotch. He was excited and hard as a rock inside his jeans, as Charlotte's hand dropped onto his cock and she gripped it through his jeans.

While he was not porn star huge, he was packing enough that he never had any complaints. His bitch of an ex-wife actually complained about the size of his cock, along with everything else, saying that he was so big that he hurt her. At eight inches long with a respectable girth, he did have the occasional partner that could not accommodate him.

Kevin let one hand roam down to Charlotte's crotch. As his hand settled between her legs, he could feel the warmth through her jeans. She let out a soft moan as he touched her there. Her hands were fumbling with the button and zipper on his jeans. He did likewise, trying to get her impossibly tight jeans off of her.

Once he got her jeans unbuttoned, Kevin sat up in bed, and grasped her jeans by the waist. Charlotte lifted her hips to help him as he pulled the jeans off of her, leaving her clad only in skimpy thong panties.

Excited and ready to get down to business, Kevin stood beside the bed and began to shed his jeans. Already unfastened, it was a simple matter to slide them down. He followed, as Charlotte watched, by sliding his boxer briefs down, liberating his hard, aching cock. Her eyes widened when she saw his size and state of arousal.

He returned to the bed and lay beside Charlotte. He lowered his head to her breasts and began kissing and licking her gloriously erect nipples. After kissing on both breasts, he began kissing his way down Charlotte's firm body until he arrived at the "V" between her legs. Kissing delicately on her inner thighs, he felt Charlotte begin to twitch and moan in pleasure. He hooked one finger into her panties to move it to the side and give

him access to her pussy. Pulling the thing aside, he saw her gloriously shaved and smooth pussy. He dove in and began licking and kissing her womanhood.

“Oh God! Just come on! I want you inside me now!” he heard her say. She was grasping him by both ears pulling him upwards.

Using both hands, and resisting her tugs, he pulled her panties down, which she aided by again raising her hips. He returned to kissing her pussy, which caused her to squirm.

“Now! I want you inside me now! I can’t wait anymore!” she whispered urgently.

He began kissing his way up her body, settling his torso between her legs. She was still pulling on his ears, frantically tugging at him.

He kissed his way up to her face, finding her eager mouth. At about the same time, he felt the tip of his cock slip between her legs. Gently probing his cock back and forth, he felt her heat engulf the tip of his cock as he slipped between her slippery wet folds.

Beneath him, he felt Charlotte tense as she sensed him about to penetrate her.

Kevin gently applied pressure. He felt his cock slip between her lips and slide deep into her. With about three inches of cock inside her, he withdrew and thrust again. He slipped even deeper into her.

“Oh god! You are so big!” she whimpered.

“Am I hurting you?” he asked in surprise.

“God no! Give it to me!” she exclaimed.

He withdrew again and lunged back in. His cock sunk in balls deep. His balls were pressed hard against her wet labia as he felt the head of his cock pressed against her cervix deep inside her.

“Oh god! I can feel you up in my stomach! You are so deep!” she whispered.

Propped on his elbows above her, he began to stroke his cock in and out slowly. He knew that as sex-deprived as he was that he would cum instantly if he started fucking her too fast. As he stroked in and out, he found her mouth, kissing her deeply and passionately.

“I love your cock!” she whispered.

“You’re gonna make me cum!” he said to her.

“Mmmmmmm. I want to feel you cumming inside of me,” she whispered back.

He continued to stroke as he felt his scrotum tense up and his balls tighten as they prepared to expel their cargo of babymakers into her womb. He thrust harder and deeper with each stroke. He felt Charlotte tensing underneath him from his persistent fucking.

Kevin felt the first twinges of his orgasm rising, and then it struck. Letting out a deep groan, he felt waves of pleasure strike him hard. His cock burst, releasing an entire year of pent up sexual frustration.

Looking down, Kevin saw Charlotte’s eyes go wide as his cock poured a torrent of hot, sticky cream deep into her

“Oh!” she cried out in surprise as his hot seed filled her.

With his cock buried deep inside her, the tip of his cock was hard against her cervix when it cut loose. He felt his warmth firing into her, spreading across her womb, and seeping down the side of her pussy as he continued to stroke his cock in and out of her, forcing his nut even deeper into her with each stroke.

“I’m cumming!” she moaned, as his cock continued to pump bursts of hot semen into her womb. Her back arched, and she let out a sharp cry with each hard thrust of his cock.

Despite having emptied his pent-up balls into her, he remained as hard as Chinese Arithmetic. Not wanting to crush her with his weight, he withdrew his rock hard cock and rolled off to the side of her.

“Oh my god! That was great,” she told him.

“Yeah, it was,” he replied.

Glancing down, she saw his still gloriously erect cock.

“You don’t appear to be finished either,” she said with a laugh.

“Well, I’ll be finished if you want. I don’t want to be a nuisance,” he told her.

“Oh my! Please be a nuisance,” she said as she slid her leg over him, climbed on top of him and slipped his cock back inside her.

And they began Round Two...

Chapter Nine

Charlotte

Charlotte awoke at four in the morning, when her annoying alarm clock went off. It was time to go running.

Then she felt Kevin turn in the bed beside her. She remembered the night before. Was it four or five times that he fucked her last night? He was insatiable after he got started. Both of them had years of pent-up frustrations that they obviously vented last evening. She smiled at the thought of the night before.

Kevin rolled her way in the bed and came into contact with her. His midsection was pressed hard into her back, spooning her. His cock, predictably hard and erect, was pressed hard against her back. His hand snaked around her body and found her left breast. As his thumb and forefinger found her nipple, she felt it harden under his rolling digits.

"It's time for me to go running," she told him.

"Why don't you stay here?" he asked groggily.

"Well, I guess I could take a day off. After all, someone kept me up really late last night," she said.

"Tell me who the asshole is and I'll kick his ass for you," he muttered, then chuckled.

"I could do some other form of cardio, I guess, and skip my run this morning," she offered.

"Hmmmmmm, that doesn't sound like fun either," he groaned.

"Well, cardio doesn't have to be a drag you know," she said.

“It doesn’t?” he asked.

“No. Of course not,” she said.

“For example,” she continued, “You could use that gloriously erect and huge cock to get my heartrate up.”

Taking her by the shoulder, he rolled her onto her back, and fixed her in his gaze.

“You really want me to make love to you again? After last night, I was afraid I was going to break that thing. And that would break my poor, little heart,” he told her.

“Well, I do have to keep my schoolgirl figure.” She told him. “It’s at least 150 calories an act, and at the rate we’ve been going, I nearly have last night’s meal you made for me burned off. But I have a little bit to go. And you aren’t close to breaking it.”

“That’s good to hear. I wouldn’t want to break it,” he told her as he slid into position between her legs.

Chapter Ten

Crystal

Crystal awoke in the middle of the night, unable to sleep. She had come home after spending the evening with Mark, undressed and put on a T-shirt over her panties and gone to bed, where she had cried herself to sleep, weeping bitter tears over her situation. She was dating the high school quarterback, which should have been every girl’s dream. But they had no idea what he was like when they got behind closed doors.

Mark seemed to be the most self-absorbed person she had ever met. Especially in the bedroom, it was all about him. While she gave herself to him every weekend, he never even attempted to see to her satisfaction.

One problem was that he always came so fast. He would fuck her for quite a while, and always seemed to get himself off five or six times at each of their sessions. The problem was that he had never managed to give her an orgasm even once, and that fact didn't seem to bother him.

The other fact, that she hadn't dared to discuss with anyone, is that Mark, despite his high school athlete quarterback size and muscles, had the smallest dick she had ever seen. She guessed that it was between two and three inches long, when aroused. She wondered, and had even asked him if he had used steroids, since she had heard that that caused stunted growth in sex organs. He had denied it, but she didn't believe him.

The bottom line was that whenever they got together, he just jabbed her repeatedly with his ridiculous little cock and got himself off. He didn't seem to give a shit that she didn't enjoy it.

Coupled with that was the fact that he was having a disastrous season as quarterback. He was on the verge of being benched, and after last night's game, throwing four interceptions in the first half, he was very likely to be benched in favor of a sophomore who showed some level of promise.

As she lay there, struggling with what to do, she heard a sharp woman's cry come from her mother's room.

Alarmed, she climbed out of bed and headed for her mother's door to make sure everything was ok.

In the hallway, she noticed that the doorway to Kevin's room was open. And he wasn't in there. She had seen them together at the game at halftime as she took the field to do the drill team show. She wondered if Kevin and her mom were doing "the wild thing." They had seemed really cozy together at the game.

Creeping down the hall, she carefully made her way to the door and placed her ear to the door. She heard what sounded like her mother. If it was her, she was making short, sharp cries of either pleasure or pain. She wasn't sure.

Not knowing what to do, she finally decided to quietly open her mother's door. Taking the door handle in her hand, she quietly eased the door handle to the left to open it. The door latch came loose, and she slid it open enough to see into the room.

What she saw shocked her.

In the darkness, she made out the shape of her mother flat on her back in the bed. In between her legs was Kevin. He was pinioning his hips to drive himself in and out of her mother.

Crystal had to stifle a gasp at seeing her mother at this moment.

As she watched, she was surprised to see her mother wantonly wrap her legs around Kevin's thrusting hips. Hooking her ankles underneath his butt cheeks, she used her muscular legs to pull Kevin deeper into her. Crystal saw her mother's hands snake down and grasp Kevin's butt cheeks, digging her nails into his tender flesh to literally drag his cock into her body with each stroke.

Crystal watched in surprise as her mother let out soft cries with each thrust of Kevin's cock into her.

"Oh my god! I'm cumming!" she heard her mom gasp out.

"Quiet! We'll wake Crystal," she heard Kevin whisper back.

"If they only knew," Crystal thought as she watched Kevin pound his cock in and out her mother.

Crystal watched as her mother arched her back and threw her head from side to side as Kevin continued to pound her. She wondered how big Kevin's cock was. She wondered if it was bigger than Mark's.

As Crystal watched Kevin hammer her mother's pussy, she wormed her hand down into her panties and found her sensitive clit. She began to rub it softly as she watched Kevin fuck her mom.

As her mom came up for air after a lengthy, prolonged orgasm, she watched in surprise as Kevin took her legs and placed them, one at a time, over his shoulders. Her mom hooked her arms around his neck in anticipation.

With a swift, sure, long stroke, she watched as Kevin buried his cock deep into her mother. Her mom threw her head back and gasped as his length slid into her.

With her mom's legs pinioned over her head, and her eyes adjusting to the dark, she made out details that she previously hadn't noticed. With her mom's legs out of the way, she could see the size of Kevin's cock driving in and out of her mom's exposed pussy. She was surprised at the size of it, seeing that it was easily two or three times the size of Mark's pathetic dick.

Crystal continued to rub her clit as she watched Kevin hammer away on her moaning mother.

“Oh fuck, Kevin! I’m cumming again!” Crystal heard her mother say in a breathy whisper through the partially opened door. Crystal saw her mother’s back arch and her arms gripped Kevin’s torso tight as he pistoned his cock in and out of her pussy. Her mother let out a little muffled cry with each one of Kevin’s hard thrusts. With each thrust of his huge cock into her, she heard their bodies slap together audibly, and she saw her mother’s enhanced breasts bounce up and down, vividly showing the force behind Kevin’s hard thrusts.

Crystal felt her own orgasm growing inside her, fueled by the sight of her mother cumming helplessly under Kevin’s relentless fucking. She bit her lower lip as she began to quiver in an orgasm, leaning against the wall outside of her mother’s bedroom doorway.

“Shit, I’m gonna cum again!” she heard Kevin moan.

“Cum inside me again, baby!” her mother whispered to him.

Looking through the doorway as her orgasm subsided, Crystal saw Kevin thrusting his cock hard into her mother until he buried it to the hilt inside her and let out a stifled groan. He stopped his thrusting, buried inside her mother.

“Oh, that is so sexy,” she heard her mother whisper. “I love feeling you shooting your cum inside me.”

Kevin collapsed on top of her mother, heaving for breath. Crystal quietly retreated to her bedroom. Climbing into her bed, she began rubbing herself again, aroused at what she had just watched in her mother’s bedroom.

Within just a minute or two, she was (very quietly) in the grips of another fantastic orgasm.

Chapter Eleven

Charlotte

Charlotte awoke the next morning, groggy from the night before. Kevin was on the other side of the bed, sleeping soundly in his post-coital bliss.

As well he should have. His long neglect of his balls had been made up adequately in one night. She wondered if he could even get it up again. But then again, given his insatiability, she was probably wasting her time. She guessed Kevin could get it up anytime, anywhere. She guessed that was an advantage to dating a younger guy.

She was starting this dig this cougar thing...

But she was curious about finding the bedroom door open the next morning. She distinctly recalled it getting closed when she cloistered herself in her chambers with Kevin. Neither of them left the bed for anything she was aware of.

She was puzzled by that open door, but didn't ask any questions of Kevin. She certainly said nothing to Crystal, who would have wondered why mom was asking about her door being closed, when she routinely slept with her door open.

Every night for the next two weeks, she played dumb with Kevin until after Crystal retired for the evening. On school nights, her curfew was 10 o'clock, which she religiously followed.

Kevin had a routine he followed religiously. Shortly after 10, after checking to see if the coast was clear, he would pad quietly to her bedroom. Coming inside, he would close the door behind him, and begin stripping off his clothes, leaving a trail from the door to her bed. By the time he arrived at her bed, she was naked and inviting.

She wasn't complaining at all, even though she awoke every morning groggy and bleary-eyed from lack of sleep. Kevin had virtually taken over the cooking duties, preparing fantastic meals every evening for her and Crystal, which they had devoured. And she hadn't run a single time in the last two weeks.

The funny thing was that she had still lost two pounds...

Apparently, fucking was a valid form of exercise. And it was a lot more fun than a goddamn treadmill.

Chapter Twelve

Crystal

Crystal had listened to her mom and Kevin going at it every night for the last two weeks. Every night, she would sneak down the hall as she heard her mother's cries of passion, crack open the door and watch her and Kevin fuck like drunk monkeys. She always crept back to bed as her mom and Kevin wound down and masturbated to satisfy her own frustrated cravings.

Fed up with Mark, she had kicked him to the curb a few days before. After watching Kevin with her mother, she knew that she needed to find a man who could satisfy her. Mark, with his pathetic little dick, was never going to get the job done.

One morning, about a week after she first watched her mom and Kevin, she sat at the breakfast table alone. Her mom entered the room.

"Good morning," her mom said cheerily.

"Yeah," Crystal shot back in a grumpy tone.

"What's the matter, baby?" her mom asked.

"Oh, I don't know," Crystal said.

"You don't know?" her mom asked. "I call bullshit. You can't be that upset and not know why."

"OK, I broke up with Mark a couple of days ago," Crystal admitted.

"What happened, Crystal? I thought you two were getting along great!" her mother told her.

"Well it wasn't that bad, but something happened that got me to thinking. So I dumped him," Crystal told her mother.

"What on earth happened?" her mom asked.

“I don’t think you want to know,” Crystal told her matter-of-factly.

“How can you say that to me? We’ve always been able to talk about anything!” Charlotte retorted. She was clearly offended.

“Mom, I’ll tell you. But you have to promise not to freak out on me,” Crystal told her.

“OK, sure baby. You can tell me anything. I’ll be good. I promise,” Charlotte promised her.

“Well last Friday night, I came home, and noticed that Kevin wasn’t sleeping in his room,” she began.

Charlotte raised an eyebrow, as if to tell her to continue.

“Anyway, I heard sounds coming from your room and thought you might be in trouble, so I opened the door. And I saw you and Kevin together.”

“I’m sorry,” she continued. “I only opened the door because I was worried about you.”

Charlotte stared at her in dumb silence.

“Well, I’m sorry. We tried to be discreet, but I guess we didn’t do a very good job of it.”

“No, you didn’t,” Crystal said, punctuating it with a giggle.

“Shit, I’m sorry baby,” Charlotte said, adding her giggle to the conversation.

“Well, you looked like you were having a really good time,” Crystal told her.

“Crystal!” Charlotte scolded her.

“Well, just so you know, I watched the whole thing!” Crystal told her in a faux-huff.

“You didn’t!” Charlotte demanded.

“I damn sure did!” Crystal told her, matter-of-factly.

“Baby, I’m sorry. I hope I didn’t scandalize you for life,” Charlotte told her.

Crystal paused.

“No mom, you didn’t scandalize me. You just made me realize what I’m missing,” she told her mother.

“What do you mean?” Charlotte asked.

“Mom, I saw you having an orgasm,” Crystal told her bluntly.

Charlotte blushed and realized what Crystal had seen.

“Oh yeah, I guess you did,” she told her with a smile.

“Mom, I need to tell you something else,” Crystal told her.

“What now? I’m afraid to ask!” Charlotte said.

“Mom, I didn’t just watch you that one time,” Crystal said in a quiet, hushed whisper.

Charlotte’s left eyebrow shot up in a silent form of a question.

“Mom,” Crystal said, recognizing Charlotte’s subtle cue. “I’ve heard you every night for nearly two weeks now, and snuck in every night to watch you getting screwed by Kevin.”

Charlotte clapped her hand over her mouth, shocked by what her daughter had just said.

Then she just laughed out loud.

“Oh my god!” she exclaimed. “I kept noticing the door open in the mornings that we had made a point of closing every night. You little sneak!”

“I’m sorry, Mom,” she lamely said.

Charlotte did a mental inventory of the last two weeks and thought of the number of times that she had made love to Kevin and wondered how many of those Crystal had eavesdropped on. They had made love every way imaginable, except swinging from the damn light fixture. If Crystal had seen just a fraction of it, she had gotten an eyeful.

“Mom, I’ve only slept with Mark, but I’ve never felt anything like what you felt with Kevin,” Crystal continued. “Compared with what I saw, Mark was just....pathetic,” Crystal told her.

“Baby, do you mean that you’ve never, er, uh...” Charlotte lamely asked her.

“Had an orgasm?” she asked. “If that’s the question it could go either way. If you mean an orgasm caused by a man, the answer is no. If you mean an orgasm I caused myself, the answer is yes,” Crystal bluntly told her.

“Whoa!” Charlotte told her. She reeled with the information her daughter had just told her.

“I need a minute to digest this.”

Crystal waited while her mom absorbed everything she had heard. Her daughter’s problems with her boyfriend, her voyeurism the other night, and the knowledge that she knew what was going on with Kevin.”

“OK,” Charlotte said finally. “Is there anything you want to know?”

“Well, I, er...uh...” Crystal stuttered.

“What is it, baby? You can ask me anything. It’s not like I have any secrets anymore,” she said with a laugh.

“Well, Mark’s...penis,” she finally blurted out, “was really small. It looked like Kevin didn’t have that problem.”

“No, Kevin is far from having that problem,” Charlotte said matter-of-factly.

“Does that make a difference, mom?” Crystal asked bluntly.

“Well, they say size doesn’t matter. They also say that that saying was invented by a woman trying to make their man feel adequate. I’ve never been with a man with an overly small cock, so you have that experience that I don’t. But a man with an average-sized cock with some skills in bed can still do a good job.”

“But, a man whose good in bed, with a nice-sized cock will blow him out of the water, in my humble opinion,” she continued.

“I guess Kevin fits in that category?” Crystal asked.

“Oh, yeah!” Charlotte told her, punctuated with a little giggle. “You saw! Right?”

“Yeah, he appeared to know what he was doing,” Crystal said.

There was a long pause.

“Mom, I’m sorry that I watched you with Kevin,” Crystal told her.

“That’s, OK, Crystal. I guess we don’t have any secrets now. I actually find it kind of a strange turn-on that you were watching me,” Charlotte told her.

“Mom!” Crystal exclaimed.

“I find it terrible that you are growing up and having sex, but not knowing how wonderful it really can be,” Charlotte said sympathetically.

“Well, from what I see, all we need to do is find me someone like Kevin!” she said with a chuckle.

Charlotte paused and looked at her daughter.

“And I have a great idea about how we can make that happen,” she told her daughter.

Chapter Thirteen

Kevin

Kevin’s cell phone rang one day at school. Looking at the caller ID, he saw Charlotte’s name. Without hesitation, he slid the slider on his iPhone to accept the call.

“Hey, babe! What’s up?” he asked.

“Kevin, I hate to ask a favor, but I’m in a tight spot,” he heard Charlotte’s voice say in the earpiece of his phone. “Can you do me a favor?”

“Babe, you know I’d do anything for you,” he told her.

“Well shit, my asshole boss called me out of town for the weekend. Crystal has a game tonight, and was counting on me to be there. I talked to her about it, and she’s hurt, but she asked if you could be there. I don’t want to guilt you,” she told him.

“Can you keep an eye on things until I get back?” she asked him.

“Charlotte, if you need me to go to the game, that’s easy. Watching Crystal isn’t a problem. I’ll be happy to help you,” he told her reasonably.

“Thank you so much. But now that she gave Dipshit the heave-ho last week, she’ll need a ride home after the game. Is that still ok?” she asked him.

“Oh yeah, that’s cool. You don’t have to twist my arm to get me to watch a football game. I might just root for the other guys after the way you talk about Mark, though,” he said with a chuckle.

“Thanks, Kevin. You’re a lifesaver,” she said.

“You’d help me out if I asked. I know that,” he told her.

“Yeah, maybe,” she said.

“Smartass!” he shot back.

Charlotte laughed in the phone.

“Anyway, I have just enough time to get home and grab some stuff and head for the airport. I’m flying out in just a few hours. I’ll be back Sunday afternoon,” she told him.

“Oh wow! That’s fast. Too bad. I would’ve liked to have seen you before you left,” he told her sincerely.

“Yeah, that would have been nice, but no can do, babe. We have this deposition that has to be taken and this weekend is the only time we can do it,” she told him.

“Well, I’ll see you Sunday, I guess,” he told her.

“Yeah. I’ll miss you. I’ve gotten kind of used to having you and your little friend every night,” she told him with a giggle.

“That has been kind of nice, hasn’t it?” he asked.

“Yeah, very nice. OK, gotta run. I’ll see you on Sunday. Thanks again,” she said.

“No problem. Anytime,” he told her. The connection went dead.

A few hours later, Kevin got in his crappy old car and drove to the stadium. Now that he was getting paid regularly again, and his living expenses at Charlotte's were so low, he decided that it was maybe time to look at a new car. Maybe he could attend to that this weekend with Charlotte gone. He sure wasn't going to miss this crappy old thing, which was the last tangible reminder of his failed marriage. His ex got the good car, and he got the piece of shit. He guessed he was lucky that the divorce court judge left him anything other than the shirt on of his back.

He paid admission at the gate, and stopped at the concession stand for food on the way into the stadium. Frito Pie and coke paled in comparison to what he was used to eating, and what he had been preparing for Charlotte and Crystal, but this would be an easy way to eat for one, since he didn't have them to worry about tonight.

He arrived in the stands, just before gametime. Soon after he sat down, the drill team filed into the stands with Crystal in the lead. Looking up, she saw him, smiled and waved excitedly. Crystal struck Kevin as a brunette version of her mother, with a few differences. Similar in stature, Crystal obviously had not had the attention of a plastic surgeon. Her lithe dancer's body was not capped by her mother's amazing rack, but rather a smallish set of tits, probably a small B-cup in size. Her hair was in a slightly different style that had bangs, rather than the combed in the middle layered look of her mom. Charlotte had told her about having to put Crystal in braces twice and paying through the nose for an orthodontist, but the results were worth it. Crystal had a brilliant smile, showing a perfect set of pearly white teeth.

Seeing them together, it was obvious that they were related. They were both just stunning.

After getting the team settled into their places, Crystal came up to where he was sitting. He stood as she approached.

He was surprised when she hugged him.

"Thanks for coming, Kevin," she told him.

"Hey, think nothing of it," he told her. "I'm glad to be here."

"Well, it means a lot to me. My mom was really sad that she couldn't be here," she said. "But I'm really happy that you could be."

"I'd do anything for you and your mom, you know that," he replied.

“Even come watch a really bad football game,” he continued leaning close and whispering into her ear.

Crystal laughed, and then leaned close to his ear.

“Yeah, well just don’t get so disappointed that you leave, and forget I need a ride home!” she said with a giggle. Breaking away from him, she looked at him with a big smile and happily went back to her seat with the drill team.

Chapter Fourteen

Crystal

After the game, Crystal waited until the drill team coach released them. She saw Kevin still in the stands, and jerked her head to the side, indicating that she was ready. He nodded and made his way down the seats to meet her.

“That was quite a game,” Kevin said with a smile as he met her.

“Yeah. Kind of unfamiliar territory for me, though. I don’t recall ever watching a win before,” she chuckled.

Mark had thrown two interceptions and fumbled a ball away in the first half. He was mercifully benched at halftime. His sophomore backup came in the game at the half, and led the team to a narrow victory after making up Mark’s 21 point deficit and then engineering an 80-yard drive, most of which occurred after the two minute warning, to gain a touchdown on a last second strike into the endzone.

When the winning touchdown scored, Crystal had watched as the whole team erupted in celebration except for Mark. He threw his helmet to the ground in an infantile temper tantrum, and in the stands his dad went ballistic, cursing the coach as the team erupted in celebration. She chuckled at their immaturity and self-centered behavior.

That moment made her realize what she was missing. Nothing.

“So are you free to go?” he asked.

“Yeah,” she replied.

“Cool. I’m parked pretty close. Can I carry your bag?” he asked her.

She was surprised at the offer. Each drill team member had a huge bag of crap they had to bring to every game. While not heavy, it was bulky and took up a lot of space. They even had to reserve a big section of the stands, not just to keep the team together, but to be able to hold their voluminous amount of shit they were required to have at each performance.

“Sure, that would be wonderful,” she said as she offered him her bag. He took it and slung it over his shoulder. They began walking out the stadium to his car.

“Are you hungry?” he asked.

“Not really,” she replied.

“Well, I’ll be glad to take you to get something if you want,” he told her.

“No, I’m really kind of tired. If I get hungry, I’ll just get something at the house,” she told him.

When they arrived at his car, he opened the back door and put her bag in, and then opened the passenger door for Crystal. She got in and he closed the door behind her, thanking him as he did so.

“I know your mom really wanted to be here,” Kevin said as he climbed in the car.

“Yeah, I know,” Crystal responded.

They lived just a couple of miles from the stadium, so getting home took very little time. Kevin and Crystal talked the whole way home about the second half, and how the replacement quarterback led the team to victory. Her ex-BF, Mark, wasn’t even mentioned.

Very soon, they pulled into the driveway of their house. Kevin got out of the car, and when he saw that Crystal had already gotten out of the passenger side, he contented himself with getting her stuff from the back seat. Seeing that she was ahead of him, he followed her into the house carrying in her equipment behind her.

Once inside, she turned and faced him.

“I’m too keyed up from the game to sleep. You want to watch a movie or something?” Crystal asked him.

“Sure,” he replied.

“See if you can find something, while I change out of my uniform,” she said.

“OK,” he told her.

Kevin sat down on the couch and began looking for a movie to watch. A few minutes later, while he was still perusing the possibilities, Crystal came into the room. She had let her long brunette hair down. She was wearing a T-shirt with her high school mascot and name on it, and a pair of Nike type shorts. She was barefooted.

She flopped onto the couch next to him.

“Any luck?” she asked.

“Not really. What kind of movie do you want to watch? Romantic Comedy, or what?” he asked her.

“Here, let me see the remote,” she said. He handed it to her.

Chapter Fifteen

Kevin

Kevin watched as she worked her way through the guide listing of all the movies. After going through several screens of movie names, she got to the end of the list where the adult movies were found. There were several channels with pay per view adult movies.

“Hmmmmmm,” she said thoughtfully, “these look interesting,” she said.

“Your mom would kick my ass if we watched something like that,” he said with a laugh.

“Oh, I think you might be surprised,” Crystal said.

“What do mean?” he asked her.

“She didn’t get mad when she found out that I’ve watching you two every night for the last couple of weeks,” she said, looking him straight in the eye.

“You’ve...been...watching?” he stammered out.

“Yeah, I have,” she told him. “And if that bothers you, I’m really sorry.”

“Is your mom mad about it?” he asked her.

“No, not at all,” Crystal said. “We ended up laughing about it.”

“Boy, she is understanding,” he said, laughing nervously.

“Yeah, she went out of town this weekend so that we could have the house to ourselves. Did you know that?” Crystal said.

Kevin gulped nervously.

“Why would she do that?” he asked. He was so nervous, his hands began to shake.

“I have a problem she told me to talk to you about,” she said smiling sweetly. “She thinks you might be able to help me with it.”

“What kind of a problem?” he asked.

“Well, I’ve only been with Mark before...in bed, I mean,” she explained. He could see her cheeks flushed with what he presumed was embarrassment.

“And he was, I think a good description would be, inadequate as a lover,” she finally said.

“How so?” Kevin asked.

“Well, he was very small, er, down there. And he was so self-centered he only worried about getting himself off. He never even tried to do anything other than jab me with his little dick and make himself come,” she explained.

“So you’ve never...” he began, but stopped. He couldn’t bring himself to ask.

“Had a man give me an orgasm?” she finished for him. “Is that what you were trying to ask?”

“Uh, yeah,” she said.

Kevin sat astonished. He was completely at a loss for words.

“Anyway,” she continued. “I saw what you were able to do for Mom, repeatedly, I might add.” She chuckled appreciatively.

“And I told Mom that I needed to find someone like you. She told me that she was OK with me talking to you about this problem, and asking if you could help me with it.”

“So what you’re saying is that your Mom is OK with us going to bed together?” he asked in amazement.

“Yep. That’s exactly what I’m saying,” she told him.

“I think I better talk to your mom,” Kevin said.

“She figured you would say that. She’s probably out with her friends, but she said you could text her anytime,” Crystal said. “Why don’t you do that, while I get a movie started.”

“OK,” he said as he got his iPhone out of his pocket.

Crystal selected an adult movie called MILF Internal Cumshots off of the pay-per-view movies and settled back to watch.

Kevin sent a text to Charlotte that said:

Your daughter is trying

to seduce me.

As the movie began, a response came back very quickly.

Yeah, I figured as much.

I told her to try.

Kevin texted back.

Why? Do you not want to be

with me anymore?

Charlotte replied.

Oh heavens no! I love being with you

and can't wait to get back. I just don't

mind sharing. Would you mind being

shared?

Crystal kicked back as the movie's first sex scene started. As Kevin texted, his eyes were drawn to a MILF character dropping the pants on a pool cleaner and beginning to suck on his hard dick.

Charlotte, I'm 15 years older than she

is. I would feel like a cradle robber.

She quickly shot back.

Kevin, I'm fifteen years older than

you. Are you calling me a cradle

robber? LOL

Kevin was surprised to find out how old she was. He figured her for ten years younger than that.

You're 48? I'm shocked.

Touche, by the way. LOL.

Her response was lengthy.

You're what she needs to find out that

sex can be wonderful. You have the equipment

and the skills. I don't want her getting jaded

about men and sex because of that idiot Mark.

You're the best lover I've ever had, and you're kind

and considerate in bed. She's a woman now, and

on birth control, so you don't have to worry about

getting her pregnant. And I won't have to worry

about who she is with.

He took all that in. He sent another message:

And we'll be OK if I do this?

Her response was quick.

Absolutely. You better be ready

for me when I get home. I intend

to wear your ass out! LOL

He sent his final message.

OK, I'll hold you to that. I miss

you and can't wait to see you again.

She replied:

I miss you, too.

Then she sent a message to both of them.

You two have fun!

At the sound of her phone giving a text alert, Crystal picked up her phone and read the message.

“See, I told ya!” she said with a cute little grin.

“Interesting movie,” Kevin said. In it, the MILF was now on her back in bed, with the pool guy ramming his cock in and out of her. The MILF was talking dirty, telling the pool guy to fill her pussy up.

“Come on, breed me! Cum inside that cunt!” the actress on the screen was screaming.

“Yeah, I like it. It's turning me on,” she told him coquettishly.

She leaned in close to him as Kevin put his arm around her. Looking down at her, he couldn't believe what he was about to do. He was having a hard time believing that he

was set up by a mother to take her own daughter to bed. She nestled in the crook of his arm as the couple on the screen went at it like maniacs.

Her hand went to his chest, and began to rub him gently. His hand dropped to her thigh closest to him. He felt the silkiness and softness of her skin. He looked down at her.

She turned her face up to look at him. They faced each other, their hands continuing to gently explore.

He lowered his mouth to hers, and their lips met. He heard her take a sharp intake of breath as their lips connected for the first time. After a gently, prolonged kiss, he felt her lips part. He made contact with her gently probing tongue. He heard her make another sharp intake of breath.

They made out for what seemed like hours, but was probably just a few short minutes. He knew he wanted to take his time with Crystal, as opposed to the frantic, screaming fuck that he had with her mother a couple of weeks ago. It helped that neither he or Crystal were now in the position of long sex deprivation, like he had been suffering from when he bedded Charlotte.

From its place on her thigh, Kevin trailed his hand up her body, lightly moving up to the “V” between her legs, where he heard her gasp again. His hands went up her lithe, dancer’s body to find her nubile breasts. Hard and firm from lots of exercise, he felt her pencil tip hard erasers poking out of her shirt. It was clear from the feel of her that she had nothing on under her T-shirt.

Crystal’s hand dropped down to his waist, and she heard another intake of breath when she touched the rigid cock contained within his jeans. She felt her hand run up and down the length of it, gently reconnoitering the territory she was about to get taken to.

“My god! Mom said it was big, but I had no idea. Your cock is huge,” Crystal whispered.

Kevin grabbed the hem of her T-shirt and began pulling it over her head. Crystal raised her arms to give him the access he needed to get her topless. Tossing the shirt to the side, he lowered his head to her chest and began kissing and licking her tits, concentrating on her erect nipples. She began to moan in delight.

As she stroked his cock through his pants, he trailed his hand down to her crotch as he continued to lick, kiss and gently bite her nipples. He felt her hand break contact with his cock and feel around his waist, looking for the button on the waist of his blue jeans. Finding it, she deftly unbuttoned it. Finding he wore button-fly jeans, she proceeded to

slowly work her way down his fly one button after another, each one being adroitly unfastened by her dexterous fingers.

Kevin began rubbing hard on her crotch through the thin cloth of her running shorts.

Then he slipped his hand inside her shorts, and found that she wasn't wearing anything under them either. She had clearly come to the living room with getting laid on her mind as she dressed VERY simply.

With his hand inside her pants, he found a beautifully shaved pussy. She was baby-butt smooth, having obviously just shaved, as she didn't even have a hint of razor stubble.

Withdrawing his hand, he hooked his thumb in the waist of her running shorts and pulled down slightly. She lifted her hips to help him, and he slid them easily down her thin dancer's legs. When they reached her knees, she kicked her legs a little to get them to fall to the floor. She was totally naked beneath him.

As he continued to smother her in kisses from neck to breasts, her hands snaked inside of his pants. Finding the elastic of his briefs, her hand shot underneath and found his cock. He felt her hand encircle his shaft. She gasped as she slid her hand up and down the length of his cock.

Kevin kissed her way down her body, going south when he came to her firm, little breasts. He slid off the couch, and knelt before her on the floor and continued to kiss his way down. Taking her by the legs, he pulled her body toward him until her crotch was accessible to him at the edge of the sofa.

Kneeling before her, he took one of her feet in his hands and brought it tantalizingly close to his lips. He looked down at her. Naked, she trembled with anticipation. He brought her toes to his lips, and slowly smothered them with gentle kisses. As she quivered, he sucked her pinkie toe into his mouth and swirled his tongue across it.

"That tickles!" she said, giggling.

He began planting a series of delicate butterfly kisses across the top of her foot, across her ankle, and began working his way up her leg. He felt her shivering beneath him.

When he reached the inside of her knee, kissing his way up, her shivering had reached a crescendo. He could tell she was excited beyond belief. Her breath was already coming in ragged heaves, as if she was having to will herself to take one more breath.

As he reached the upper reaches of her thigh, he kissed his way delicately north.

Crystal's breath was already coming in ragged heaves. In her excitement, he suspected that she was about to go off like a bottle rocket when the time got right.

His mouth reached her crotch. He sensed her musky odor as he reached her sensitive “V.” Breaking contact, he looked at her closely, and he pursed his lips to direct a stream of air across her cleft. He heard her take in a sharp intake of air, her lungs gasping.

Knowing she was ripe, he licked starting near her anus, and dragged his tongue up and across her slit. Slowly, he moved his tongue up her, feeling his tongue slide past her slippery slit, finding her sensitive regions above. Then his tongue found her engorged clit as she shivered beneath him.

Moving his tongue in delicate circles around her bud, she began to shiver more and more. He sensed he had found the right spot. She reached down and grabbed him by the ears and wantonly pushed his face harder into her loins.

As his tongue lashed back and forth, then up and down, against her clit, he heard her moan.

“Just like that!” she moaned as his tongue lashed up and down over her clit.

Needing no further urging, he slid his tongue up and down over her engorged clit.

“Oh my god!” she cried out.

Then he felt her delicate dancer’s body writhe underneath him. Her hips convulsed up, and her back arched,

“Uhnffffh,” he heard her moan begin and then collapse.

Without a sound, her body reeled and convulsed in repeated spasms. Other than the ragged breath escaping from her, she didn’t make a sound. However, he knew she was having a fantastic orgasm.

Sensing her climax, he eased up on his tongueing and her orgasm subsided.

“Oh my god!” she said.

“What? Kevin asked.

“Now I know what all the fuss is about!” she exclaimed.

“Did Mark ever go down on you like that?” he asked curiously.

“No. He said there were too many germs,” she told him.

“You’re fucking kidding me?” he asked.

“No, I’m not.” She replied.

“That’s just pathetic,” he told her sympathetically.

“Oh my god! Now I know what Mom was feeling with you!” she exclaimed excitedly.

“Not just quite yet, you don’t,” Kevin said. “We’re just getting started.”

Chapter Sixteen

Crystal

“Why don’t we take this to the bedroom?” Kevin asked after bringing her to a heaving climax.

She was totally naked. He was still fully clothed, but the head of his big cock stuck out from under the elastic of his boxer briefs. She had gotten his jeans unfastened and felt his glorious cock, but had gotten no further.

“Mom said we could use her room,” she told him.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” he asked with a laugh.

“Nope,” she retorted.

She took him by the hand and led him into her mom’s boudoir.

Reaching the bed, she turned and faced him. Naked, she had to crane her neck to look into his eyes. She started unbuttoning his shirt from the top button, working her way down. He reached down to find her mouth, crushing it against hers, with his tongue probing hard for hers. When the last button was freed, she used her hands to slid the fabric off of his shoulders and down. He felt his shirt fall to the floor.

Her hands reached down, and went past the waistband of his jeans to find the elastic waistband of his boxer briefs. Hooking her thumbs in them, she slid them down, lifting the front out enough to liberate his rock hard cock.

As his jeans slid to his feet, he apparently realized that his shoes would prevent them from sliding off. Taking a small step back, he used his feet to kick one shoe off and then the other. Then he reached down and peeled his socks off one after another. Standing back up, he moved his legs alternately to cause his jeans to fall to the floor, and then stepped out of them.

He stepped back forward, his hard cock sandwiched between him and Crystal. He looked down intently into her eyes. She returned his gaze.

“I’ve fantasized about this,” she said.

“What did you do in your fantasy?” he asked.

“This,” she told him.

Stepping back slightly, she dropped to her knees and came face to face with his rigid cock.

Delicately, she extended her tongue and found the tip of his cock. She lightly licked the very tip of his cock. She felt him shiver.

She used her tongue to swirl it in a circle around his swollen glans. She could see that he was rigid, nearly purple in his excitement.

She slid her mouth over the head of his cock and took as much of his length into her mouth as she could. She felt his hard cock slide into her mouth, nearly striking the back of her throat.

She furiously worked his huge cock in and out of her mouth. He was groaning in his excitement.

Reaching down, he grabbed her head and detached it from his cock. He pulled her to her feet and brought him up against her, pulling her hard into his embrace. His huge rigid cock was sandwiched between them.

He broke their embrace to slide sideways onto the bed. She followed him.

Crawling onto the bed, they came together again face to face on the bed. He crushed against her again in a smothering kiss. As he kissed her deeply, she felt him slid into position between her legs.

He continued kissing her as their bodies squirmed in delight and anticipation. Wantonly, she reached down and grasped his cock between their bodies. She guided the tip of his cock until she felt it press against her wet entrance.

With the head of his cock poised to enter her, she removed her hand and looped both of her arms around his neck, pulling him into an even tighter embrace.

She felt Kevin gently place pressure against her. His cock slid slightly inside her. His thrust was gentle, but insistent. She felt him withdraw and thrust again.

She gasped as she felt his cock slide deeper into her. On his second thrust, he went deeper than Mark's little cock ever had. Barely even inside her, she felt the tip of his cock strike against her cervix, and her body stretched to accommodate him.

"Are you OK," he asked her.

"Oh yeah. It feels great," she replied.

He withdrew and thrust again, at a tantalizingly slow pace. She felt him slide even deeper inside her. She felt filled fuller than ever in her life as his cock stretched and filled her.

Then he withdrew and thrust again.

With his final thrust, he sank deep into her. She gasped as his cock completely filled her.

"My god!" she gasped. "I feel you up inside my stomach."

"Am I hurting you?" he asked.

"No. Not at all. Keep going. It feels amazing" she replied.

Slowly, Kevin began to slowly but rhythmically thrust his huge cock in and out of her. The sensations he caused were incredible.

"Kevin?" she asked, trembling.

"Yeah?" he replied.

“I’m never going to be able to have a little cock again. This feels SOOO incredible,” she told him.

He laughed as he continued to thrust slowly in and out of her.

“How does that feel?” he asked her.

“Great, but go faster,” she responded.

She felt him pick up the pace. His cock thrust in and out of her much quicker. His pillar of meat slid past her G-spot with each stroke. She felt an impending orgasm rising within her.

Remembering what she had seen her mom do, she wrapped her muscular legs around Kevin’s hips and hooked her feet into the cleft of his ass. She used her legs to drag Kevin’s cock deeper into her with each thrust.

She reached down from his neck and grasped his ass in her hands and pulled him hard into her. She felt herself, almost unconsciously, begin to thrust against each of his thrusts, forcing herself hard onto his rigid pole. She felt his low-hanging balls striking her labia with each thrust, and could audibly hear them slapping wetly against her now drenched pussy.

Kevin propped himself on his arms above her and continued to hammer her wet pussy.

“Jesus! You’re pussy is so tight!” he gasped out.

“Your cock...is...so...huge...for...me,” Crystal gasped out between thrusts.

Crystal felt her orgasm welling inside her. As Kevin pistoned his cock in and out of her, he felt her insides stretched to accommodate his massive length. His thrusts had gradually gone from slow and easy to rapid and hard, insistently slamming his meat into her. Crystal reveled at the sensations he was causing within her.

Then it hit her. And it hit hard.

She felt the orgasm rising slowly, but then it struck with a vengeance. As Kevin hammered in and out of her pussy, she began cumming hard. Involuntarily, she felt her back arch. She threw her head from side to side as she tried to comprehend what she was feeling. She completely lost control of her body as she shuddered and cried out from what she was feeling.

Chapter Seventeen

Kevin

As he thrust in and out of Crystal's pussy, he was amazed at how tight she was. The last time he had bedded an 18-year old girl, he was just over 18 himself.

Crystal writhed underneath him in ecstasy. Her earlier thrusting against his cock with each stroke had stopped. She was now just a quivering rag-doll under him, convulsing and quivering as he pounded her pussy. She gasped for air, and cried out with a sharp cry with each hard stroke of his cock.

He felt himself about to lose control, turned on beyond belief by the sight of the lithe, little teen beneath him.

"Baby, I'm gonna cum!" he cried out.

"Do it!" she gasped. "Cum inside me!"

He felt his balls tensing as they prepared to eject their cargo into her body. He felt the first sensations of his orgasm hit him as his cock began pulsating just prior to his ejaculation.

With his cock head deep inside her, he felt his cock burst and cut loose a torrent of hot jism deep inside her.

Quivering underneath him, Crystal let out a sharp cry as his hot semen flowed into her. As his cock fired burst after burst of hot, sticky cum into her pussy, he heard her cry with each jet of semen hitting her insides.

When his cock stopped pulsing, he collapsed on top of her, propped up on his elbows to keep from crushing her with his weight.

When he got his breath back, he withdrew his still rock-hard cock from her pussy and rolled off to her side.

“Oh my god!” she said. “Mom was right! That was incredible!”

“Yeah it was,” he said.

“Now I know why you and Mom do this every night!” she said with a giggle.

“Well, we normally do it more than once, you know,” he told her.

“Oh, you do now?” she asked innocently. She reached down and grasped his still rock hard cock.

“Yeah, we do.” he replied.

“So what are you waiting for?” she asked.

With that, he roughly rolled her onto her stomach and slid between her legs. Probing forward, the tip of his rigid cock found her wet entrance and slid in to the hilt.

She cried out as he penetrated her to the hilt in one swift, sure stroke.

Chapter Eighteen

Crystal

She awoke a couple of hours later. Shaking her head to get out the cobwebs, she realized that she was in her mom’s bed. Looking over, she saw Kevin asleep next to her.

She remembered the hours before, and realized that it wasn’t all a dream. He really had fucked her six ways from Sunday, and made her cum. Over, and over, and over. And he did too, repeatedly filling her pussy with thick, hot loads of his baby batter.

Now wide awake, she moved in the bed until his flaccid penis was near her mouth.

Taking it in her hand, she lifted the limp tip to her mouth. She took it inside her mouth and began to swirl her tongue around the tip, which she felt swelling in her mouth.

She felt Kevin stir underneath her. Without taking his cock from her mouth, she glanced up at him. He looked over at the clock.

“It’s two in the morning, you know,” he asked groggily.

“Yeah, I know,” she said. “Hey, did you know that your cock tastes just like me?”

“Wonder how that happened?” he asked, chuckling. His cock continued swelling inside her mouth.

She went back to sucking his cock.

“So I take it you enjoyed last night?” he asked her.

“Uh...yeah!” she said, after taking his cock from her mouth. “It was incredible, just like mom said it would be.”

“That’s good. I can’t stand disappointing people,” he said.

Just as his cock got good and ready, he heard a car door slam in front of the house. Her ears perked up. Distracted, she took her mouth from his cock and cocked her head to hear anything else.

“Someone’s outside,” she whispered.

“Probably just one of the neighbors,” he replied.

That notion was dispelled when they both were startled by the sound of loud banging on the front door.

“Crystal!” they heard a voice scream through the front door.

“Shit, it’s Mark!” she whispered.

“Oh great!” Kevin said.

“Crystal, come out! I want to talk to you!” Mark screamed as he pounded on the front door.

“I’ll go talk to him,” Crystal said.

“No!” Kevin said. “I’ll handle this.”

Kevin switched on the bedside lamp and pulled on a pair of jeans and his shirt from the night before. He buttoned up just a couple of buttons of the shirt from the bottom and headed out of the bedroom.

Chapter Nineteen

Kevin

Pissed off, and with a full head of steam, Kevin jerked the door open. Outside, Mark stood.

“What can I do for you at 2 am?” Kevin asked.

“Oh, you’re that “roommate” dude,” Mark said with a laugh, making exaggerated quotation mark movements with his finger on each side of his head.

“Whatever. What do you want?” Kevin asked, taking a step forward out of the house. He smelled the alcohol on Mark’s breath.

Mark, sensing the menace, took a step back.

“I want to talk to Crystal,” he said.

“If you show up at two in the morning, you ain’t lookin’ to talk, you’re looking for a bootie call.”

Mark looked at him in stunned silence.

“Go home and sober up. Then call Crystal or send her a text. If she wants to talk, she’ll respond,” he continued.

“Who the hell are you to tell me what to do?” he asked belligerently.

“I’m the guy that’s gonna call 9-1-1 if you don’t get out here now and go sober up,” he told Mark. “Go on, get the hell out of here!”

Goaded beyond his capability, Mark drunkenly took a swing at him with a wide roundhouse blow aimed for his head.

Instinctively, Kevin swung his left arm up in a sweeping motion and blocked the incoming punch.

With the blow parried, Kevin swung into the offense. After parrying the offensive blow, he had cocked his other arm in preparation to take the offense. Using the back of his hand, he popped the back of his fist into Mark's face, stunning him, and then followed it by swinging his elbow into the side of his head. Mark reeled drunkenly backwards into the yard.

On the attack now, Kevin set on his left foot and kicked swiftly up with his right foot taking Mark under the chin with a swift, but measured kick. He heard Mark's teeth snap together as his head snapped upward.

As Mark reeled backwards, Kevin took a step forward, crossing his left foot over his right. He then pivoted his whole body to the left and lifted his left leg as he swing around. Extending his foot fully, nearly online with his leg and smashed it into the side of Mark's head. Mark went down like a sack of potatoes.

Popping back into his fighting stance, Kevin waited to see what Mark did.

Mark gamely staggered to his feet. Stunned and drunk, he belligerently waved his arms at Kevin.

"Come on! Bring it!" Mark screamed. Kevin saw the lights go on in some of the neighbor's houses.

"Mark, go home and sober up. Don't come here all pissed off because you got dumped and threw two more interceptions tonight," Kevin told him.

"God Dammit! I want to talk to Crystal!" he screamed.

"Call her when you sober up, and you can talk to her if she wants to talk to you," Kevin told the drunk quarterback.

"That's as good as it gets tonight," Kevin concluded.

Mark sputtered helplessly. Beaten and humiliated, both in the game and this fight, he was beside himself with rage.

“You asshole!” Mark screamed as he lunged drunkenly forward.

Kevin caught him with a front kick up into his groin as he came in. Mark groaned as the foot connected with his balls and doubled over in pain. Not giving up the momentum, Kevin seized Mark by the ears and hair and forced him down into his swiftly raising knee.

Kevin smashed his thigh into Mark’s gut, driving the wind from him. Then he retracted his leg and brought it up into his face, while simultaneously pulling Mark’s face down into his oncoming knee.

Kevin felt Mark’s face and nose smash into his kneecap. The soft tissues of Mark’s face gave way to the hard bone of his knee.

Kevin, sensing that Mark was done, hurled him away and took a step back to create distance to give Mark time to reevaluate his options.

Mark stepped back, stunned. Tear streamed from his eyes uncontrollably, and blood gushed from his nose. He pawed at his nose, and winced from the pain of his own contact with it.

“You son of a bitch! You broke my nose!” Mark yelled.

“Yeah, it looks like I did,” Kevin told him reasonably.

“And I’m gonna break a lot more parts of you if you don’t take the hint and get the hell out of here,” he said with an even tone.

Drunk, hurt and frustrated, Mark quivered in anger and pain.

“Fuck!” he screamed at the top of his lungs. More lights came on in the neighborhood.

“Mark, go home, sober up, and we’ll talk,” Kevin told him

“Stay here for one more second, and I’m calling 9-1-1 and we’ll let the cops sort all this out,” he said reasonably.

“Shit man, I can’t see to drive!” he said plaintively.

“You should have thought about that before you picked a fight. Now leave, or you can talk to the cops,” Kevin said. He turned on his heel and casually walked back into the house.

When he got inside, Crystal was on her knees looking out through a crack in the window slats.

“Jesus, you kicked his ass!” she said with a smile. “Where did you learn to fight like that?”

“Oh, did I forget to mention that I’m a black belt in Japanese Karate?” Kevin asked.

Kevin laughed. Years before, mainly to get away from his wife who annoyed the hell out of him, he took karate lessons for two years, becoming a black belt in record time. Although away from the dojo for over two years now, tonight it all came back instinctively. Hours and hours of training, followed by sparring sessions in which he gave and took in equal amounts had taught him how to fight very effectively.

As Crystal watched, Mark finally got his shit together enough to get his car started and drive off.

Crystal got up from her knees and walked, gloriously naked, toward him.

“I think that scaring him off deserves a reward,” she said.

Chapter Twenty

Crystal

Crystal unsnapped the buttons on the fly of Kevin’s jeans. His cock popped out, semi-erect. Her hands swirled around it and grasped him as her mouth found his in a smoldering kiss. Kevin kicked off his shoes, shucked off his trousers, and peeled off his shirt quickly.

He reached down and grabbed Crystal by the ass and lifted her up in an embrace. She twined her arms around neck and wantonly wrapped her legs around his narrow waist. Kevin lifted her up until she felt the tip of his cock touching into her loins. Holding her up with one hand, she felt his other hand reach around, and obviously took his shaft and slid it into position at the entrance of her pussy. Still dripping wet from their earlier lovemaking, she was slippery and ready for him.

With his cock poised to enter her, he slid her body down onto his cock. She felt his member slide all the way into her pussy and strike bottom as her weight came down on the head of his cock.

“Oh, fuck!” she cried out as he filled her completely with his cock.

Kevin began lifting her up and down on his pole, fucking her relentlessly as gravity forced her down hard on his cock with each thrust.

In no time, she felt her first orgasm strike and subside, followed by another and then another. She came over and over, first in waves and then in tidal waves of pleasure as he fucked her hard.

As she came hard from Kevin’s pounding, she had a perverse thought that she wished that Mark could see this, and learn how a man really can bring pleasure to someone other than himself.

As her orgasm began to subside, Crystal felt her breath coming in ragged gasps. She tightly held Kevin as he stopped thrusting his cock into her. Without saying a word, he walked to the bedroom, with her still impaled on his pole. In the bedroom, he lowered her to the edge of the bed while remaining buried inside her.

Once he had her on her back in the bed, he pushed her legs up until her knees touched into her chest, compressing her already small boobs. With her legs pushed up high as they were, she was completely vulnerable to Kevin’s cock. He applied a little more pressure and she felt him fill her even fuller.

Then he began to fuck her hard. Withdrawing until just the tip of his huge cock was inside her, he savagely thrust it back in. He set up a steady, brisk pace as he withdrew and filled her, withdrew and filled her. Over and over and over.

As he fucked her relentlessly, she felt the familiar sensation of her orgasm wash over her again. This one hit hard and fast and kept on. As his cock pounded into her, she felt her cervix being battered by the head of his cock. She came over and over, gasping for air. She came for what seemed like minutes. She began to wonder if she would pass out, as she grew light-headed from the non-stop orgasms he was giving her. She was letting out a sharp, piercing cry with each hammering stroke of his magnificent cock.

“I’m gonna cum again!” she heard him groan.

She wanted to tell him to cum inside her again, but she didn’t have enough air. She continued to scream with each stroke of his cock as she violently thrashed in ecstasy.

Then Kevin drove his cock as deep as he could force it and held it against her womb. She felt a river of hot, ropy cum fire against her cervix. The heat she felt flow into her was incredible. The feel of his seed spilling into her caused her own orgasm to intensify. She came harder, crying out as each jet of semen shot from his cock as he emptied himself into her again.

Propped on his arms above, he drew ragged breaths himself. She felt his cock begin to soften, and then felt him withdraw his cock from her. Juices, a combination of his and hers, gushed from her pussy when his cock popped out like a cork. He climbed onto the bed beside her.

“Baby, I’m beat,” he told her. “Between you wanting to fuck non-stop, and me having to beat up your worthless ex, you’re wearing my ass out.” He laughed.

“Go to sleep. You need your rest, because I’m gonna start all over again with you in the morning,” she said with a giggle.

“Oh shit, that’s what I was afraid of,” he said with a laugh.

“Go ahead and crash. I’m going to text Mom and see if she’s awake,”

As she got out her iPhone, she heard him begin to gently snore beside her in the bed.

She texted her Mom:

Are you awake?

About a minute later, her mom responded:

Yeah, I couldn’t sleep. I was hoping

I would hear from you. How did it go?

Crystal said:

Well, I certainly know what the

fuss is all about now!

Her mom sent back:

So it was good?

Crystal said:

Mom, it was amazing. I can't wait to get

him up in the morning for more! LOL

Her mom said:

Don't wear him out! I want a turn

when I get home! LOL

Then Crystal added:

We did have a little excitement

here tonight...

Her Mom asked:

What happened?

Crystal told her:

Mark came by, drunk off his ass wanting

to see me. Kevin took care of it for me.

Her mom asked:

Took care of it how?

Crystal said:

He beat the shit out of Mark and broke his

nose. Turns out Kevin's a black-belt in

karate, in addition to being damned good

in bed. LOL.

Her mom asked:

Kevin didn't get hurt did he?

Crystal told her:

**Mom, Mark never even laid a hand
on him. I wish you could have seen it.
He kicked Mark's ass so bad... LOL**

Her mom shot back:

Couldn't have happened to a nicer guy.

Crystal said:

**I better get some sleep. I have a busy
day planned tomorrow.**

Her mom asked:

What do you have planned?

Crystal told her:

Staying in bed with Kevin all day. LOL

Her mom sent back:

Good Lord, I've created a monster! LOL

Crystal said:

Not a monster. Just a nympho! LOL

Her mom said:

Good Night! You better get some rest!

Crystal sent one last message:

Good night! TTYL

With that, Crystal set her phone on her mom's nightstand and curled up next to Kevin. Within just a couple of minutes, she was fast asleep.

Chapter Twenty-One

Kevin

Kevin woke up the next morning. He was groggy from the night before. As he shook the cobwebs from his head, he thought about the amazing events of the night before. He got seduced by an 18-year old hottie, and used his karate in a fight for the first time in his life. He snickered when he thought about Mark retreating to his car with his smashed nose.

Crystal wasn't in bed with him, but the sound of the shower running in the bathroom off of the master suite made it clear where she was. With a grin, he decided that he might just have to surprise her. His cock stirred at the thought of her nubile young body, and her incredibly tight teenage pussy.

Climbing out of bed, he moved toward the bathroom door. It was slightly ajar. He opened the door slightly, and saw Crystal through the glass stall door. She was lathered up, and was sensuously rubbing herself all over. Her hands lingered on her wet, clean shaven pussy. He thought the sight of her rubbing herself in the shower was one of the sexiest things he had seen in a long time.

He entered the bathroom quietly. Her eyes were closed as she concentrated on the task she had at hand.

“Want some company?” he asked, raising his voice to be heard over the falling water.

Crystal’s eyes shot open, and she looked at him with a smile.

“I didn’t expect you up for a while. I kept you up kind of late,” she said with a smile. “And I would adore some company.”

Kevin opened the door and stepped into the shower next to her, then closed the door behind him.

Her hands looped up around his neck, and she pulled him down into a deep, soulful kiss.

“Good morning,” she said softly as their lips broke contact.

“It is a good morning, isn’t it?” he said as he felt his cock continuing to stir and awaken.

“And I see you’re not the only one waking up this morning,” she said with a giggle, obviously feeling his cock thickening between their closely sandwiched bodies.

“So, any big plans today?” Kevin asked.

“You mean other than getting fucked all day long?” she asked with a straight face.

“Wow! You are very ambitious!” he told her.

“Just making up for lost time,” she told him.

“I see that,” Kevin said as his hand trailed down to her crotch and he inserted a finger into her wet, hot pussy. She closed her eyes and moaned slightly at his touch.

“As it happens, I don’t have anything going on today. Other than getting wildly fucked to within an inch of my life,” he told her.

“Sounds good,” she said as their lips met again.

Both took long turns soaping each other, lathering their bodies in turn. Both paid special attention to each other’s special places. Before long, both were excited and ready for the next round.

As Kevin stood behind Crystal, soaping her back and lathering it, he let one hand drift down to her loins. He found her pussy and began caressing it with his soapy hand. She moaned with pleasure and leaned forward, exposing herself to him. Placing a hand on her back, he lightly pushed her down until he was bent nearly 90 degrees at the waist.

He placed one hand on her hip, and with his other hand, guided his cock to her wet entrance.

“Hurry, I want you inside me,” she gasped.

Teasing her, he moved the tip of his cock in a circle inside the ring of muscles guarding the entrance to her cunt. He felt the heat of her juices on his soapy cock. Lubricated by the soapy shower, he slid easily into her, striking balls deep in one stroke.

Crystal gasped as his cock settled fully into her. Kevin made a few tantalizingly slow strokes in and out of her well-lubricated twat.

“Faster,” she moaned.

Taking her hips in both hands, he began to swiftly stroke his rigid meat in and out of her body. She began to let out a little cry as each of his hard strokes slammed home.

He took his hands from her hips, and grabbed her arms. Gathering her hands behind her, he bent her arms behind her and gathered both her wrists in one hand, as if to restrain her. He placed his other hand on her hip to guide her body as he fucked her from behind.

Kevin began to rabbit-fuck her, making short, hard little strokes at an incredibly fast rate. Her cries with each stroke came so fast, she sounded as if she was making a continuous warbling noise. Kevin hammered her hard and fast, with his cock only sliding in and out about an inch or two with each rapid stroke.

Kevin felt her starting to quiver, and he knew she was very close to coming again.

Dropping her hands, he reached up and grabbed her by both shoulders. He began to slide nearly his entire cock in and out with each hammering stroke, and used his arms on her shoulders to pull her hard back onto his cock.

That did it. She started to cum. He felt her already tight pussy clamp down on his cock, as she quivered and convulsed in orgasm. He felt her pussy juices squirting inside her, bathing his cock completely. Crystal was now letting out a loud cry each time he slammed his cock into her. The sound of their wet bodies slapping together punctuated each cry.

Her pussy convulsing and squeezing his cock sent him over the edge. Burying his cock inside her, he emptied himself into her again. As his cum sluiced into her tunnel, he felt her tense and her back arched as burst after burst of his seed fired deep into her womb.

He stayed inside her as they both tried to recover their breath. The water from the shower cascaded over them as they stood in the shower, connected at the loins by his rapidly softening cock.

Finally, they recovered enough. Kevin slid his cock out of her, and they returned to lathering and cleaning themselves again. After they completed their shower, they turned off the water and towed each other dry.

“So what do you want to do now?” Crystal asked mischievously.

Chapter Twenty-Two

Crystal

Crystal had lost count hours ago of the number of times that Kevin had made her cum that day. She was on her back as Kevin hammered her from above.

Kevin had noticed her cheerleader flexibility, and had her try something. He asked if she could put her feet behind her head. Being double-jointed in the hips, she was easily able to do so.

With her feet behind her head, he penetrated her from above. Buried deep inside her, she gasped at the feeling of his huge cock inside of her.

“This is called the Viennese Oyster, if you were wondering,” he told her.

“Mmmmmm, I never really liked Oysters,” she said. “Until now!”

After that, Kevin began hammering her pussy vigorously. She was amazed that he could even get a hard on after the number of times he had fucked her that day.

They had left the shower and he had taken her to a local diner for breakfast. Both of them ate ravenously. They went home and back to bed, emerging for lunch at a Steak Buffet place, where both of them ate ravenously and again returned back to bed.

Finally, they emerged to go to a Chinese All-You-Can Eat Buffet, where they ate ravenously again.

At the Chinese place, he introduced her to raw oysters on the half shell. He pulled one from the shell with a fork, placed it on half a saltine cracker, doused it with cocktail sauce and offered it to her. She took it gingerly and chewed cautiously. She found it slimy and disgusting.

“They say they’re an aphrodisiac, you know,” he added as she chewed with a grimace on her face.

“I’m thinking neither of us need to eat anything to help in that department that tastes this nasty,” she shot back.

He threw his head back and laughed.

“Well, I guess they’re an acquired taste, but I love ‘em,” he told her.

“Promise me you’ll brush your teeth good before you try to kiss me again?” she asked.

He laughed again, but said nothing.

“You know, speaking of Oysters, remind me when we get home to show you a certain position I think you’ll like,” he told her.

“So long as this position doesn’t involve eating anything that tastes like shit,” she said matter-of-factly.

“You’ll see...” he told her with a knowing grin.

And that explained how she ended up in the Viennese Oyster position getting hammered by his enormous cock.

As he drove his cock relentlessly home into Crystal's tight 18-year old pussy, she felt herself start to cum hard underneath him. Her back arched, and she thrashed her head back and forth, screaming out repeatedly with each thrust of his hard cock into her body.

After a few minutes of her thrashing and screaming, he slowed his pace. He began to slide his cock in and out of her at a slow, sensual and luxurious pace.

"Baby, I love your tight little pussy," he whispered in her ear.

"Mmmmm, I like the sound of that. And I love your cock too by the way," she whispered back.

Crystal saw movement out of the corner of her eye, and saw a figure through the halfway opened door of the bedroom. She started, which Kevin must have taken for a passionate reaction. He continued to drive his cock in and out of her.

Crystal looked at the figure in the darkness, and realized that the silhouette was the distinct shape of her mother. She realized that her mother was watching her, bent in double, with Kevin's cock sliding in and out of her. She decided to give her mother a show.

"Faster, baby! Harder!" she rasped out with her hoarse, fucked-out voice.

Kevin responded, and began to thrust harder into her.

Crystal, behind Kevin's back, waved at her mother to come into the room.

Crystal saw that the door slid quietly open, and her mom slipped through. Padding quietly barefoot across the room, she settled into an armchair in the corner and settled in for the show.

Crystal felt Kevin's huge column sliding in and out of her body, and grew wetter and wetter knowing that her mother was watching her be taken by her lover. She felt her orgasm build and strike with a vengeance.

Starting as a small wave on the beach, her orgasm struck. With each successive wave, it built. From the wave on the beach, it became a hurricane driven tidal surge, and then built into a massive earthquake-driven tsunami.

With his meat pistoning in and out of her pussy, she bucked, writhed, tensed, and quivered under his hard fucking. As she came helplessly underneath his hammering

cock, she felt him loop one arm underneath his body, while he remained propped above him on the other arm.

He used the arm underneath her to guide her body up and down on his shaft, as he rapidly increased the pace of his fucking. Her orgasm increased in intensity as he pummeled her.

After just a minute or so of this dramatically increased fucking, she felt his cock loose it's cargo of swimmers into her abused cunt. She felt jets of hot cum fired into her pussy, each one driving her deeper into her own orgasm.

Her orgasm was further intensified by knowing that her mother was watching her from the corner of the room.

Kevin climbed off of her, heaving for breath, and flopped onto the bed beside her. Crystal untangled herself and curled next him, nestling in his arm.

"Did you notice we have a visitor?" she asked, still breathing hard.

"What?" he asked.

"Mom's home. See?" she said, pointing over into the corner.

Kevin raised his head, and started when he saw Charlotte sitting in the chair in the corner.

"Hey, you two!" Charlotte said.

"Hey Charlotte! It thought you weren't coming back until tomorrow," he said.

"We finished early, so I came on back. I'm beat though. That drive from Dallas after midnight isn't my cup of tea, and that deposition took over 12 hours," she told him.

"You want us to give you your bed back?" he asked.

"Well, if you two are willing to try sleeping for a while, you're welcome to stay. If you want to keep at each other all night, go to Crystal's room, or yours. But I'm ready to sleep," she told him.

"Frankly, I am too," Kevin said.

He turned to Crystal and raised his hands in mock surrender.

“Crystal, you win! I surrender!” he said.

“Well, shit!” she said in a fake pout.

They all laughed, and then watched as Charlotte undressed and slid under the covers. They were all asleep within a few minutes.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Charlotte

Charlotte woke up the next morning. She was shocked when she looked at the clock by her bed and saw that it was nearly ten in the morning. Kevin was still asleep too, as was the finally fucked-out Crystal. Charlotte laughed to herself when she thought about Crystal’s response to her sexual awakening.

Charlotte climbed out of bed quietly, and put on a short silk robe and went to the kitchen. She started about getting a pot of coffee going. Looking around, she realized that there were dirty dishes in the sink. Kevin and Crystal obviously hadn’t eaten a single meal here the entire weekend, which didn’t surprise her. She realized that the dishes were from a few days before, right before she left. She chuckled quietly.

She opened the dishwasher and began putting the dishes away while the coffee brewing machine did its thing. She badly needed a morning pick me up after this weekend.

She felt two hands encircle her waist from behind, and she started.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to startle you,” he said as he snuggled up behind her, kissing her exposed neck.

“Mmmmm, good morning,” she responded.

She turned her head and found his mouth. Although he had a clear case of morning breath, she didn’t find it unpleasant. Their tongues sought each other and they shared a long, tender kiss.

“I missed you,” he told her.

“I missed you, too. But I’m glad you find something to pass the time doing,” she said.

“Yeah, but I’m worried about keeping up with her,” he said. “I may have to see a doctor about getting Viagra or something.”

She reached behind her and was surprised to discover that Kevin was stark naked. Her hands found his cock, which was semi-hard and beginning to thicken.

“I don’t think you need any assistance in that matter from what I’m feeling,” she told him.

“I don’t if I’m inspired properly,” he said.

“What do I need to do to inspire you,” she asked over her shoulder.

“Just show up,” he said simply.

“That is one of the sweetest things anyone’s ever said to me,” she told him.

Craning her head back, their mouths connected again. She felt Kevin’s hand fumbling for the tie of her robe. He pulled the knot loose and parted the front of the robe to find her breasts. As one hand encircled and kneaded one of her breasts, his other hand trailed down to her pussy. His fingers gently stroked up and down her slit, and parted her lips. He inserted a finger inside her, finding her wet and aching with longing.

Reaching behind her again, she found his cock, magnificently erect and ready for her.

Kevin reached up and slid her robe off her shoulders. He took it and tossed it into a nearby chair. He placed one hand in the center of her back, and looped the other around her waist. He pushed her back forward, causing her to bend at the waist. Charlotte put her hand out on the counter at the sink to brace herself.

Wantonly, she reached between her legs and found his cock. She guided the tip of his member to her waiting pussy. Kevin took the hint and gently applied pressure. His cock parted her lips and slid part of the way into her. He began to slowly stroke his cock in and out, going deeper with each stroke.

“Oh fuck, I missed that cock so much,” she whispered.

Kevin began to rhythmically fuck her as she leaned against the counter. She felt her breasts swaying forward and back with each stroke of his big cock into her. She

reveled in the sensation that he caused in her as he filled her and withdrew, filled her and withdrew, over and over again.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” she began to moan with each stroke of Kevin’s cock.

Behind her, she heard Kevin grunting slightly with each stroke, exerting himself to drive hard into her with forceful strokes.

With each hard stroke Kevin made into her, she began letting out short little cries. She remembered Crystal from the night before, and realized that her and her daughter had very much the same reaction to sex, especially given that the reaction was caused by the same man.

“Oh yeah! Yes! Give me that cock!” she said, before going back giving out sharp cries with each stroke.

“You’re gonna make me cum!” she said.

“That’s it. Cum all over that cock,” he groaned.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” she cried out as her orgasm hit her. She felt wave after wave of pleasure crash over her and Kevin pounded her hard from behind. His cock was sliding in and out, as he withdrew until he nearly fell out of her, before slamming it hard and deep into her.

She was hit with one orgasm after another so fast and rapid that she couldn’t tell where one started and another ended. She was basically having one stop multiple orgasm, a sensation that she had only experienced with Kevin.

She came for so long that she started to grow dizzy and light-headed. But she continued cumming, not wanting this pleasure to ever stop. She felt her pussy convulsing with each wave, clamping down hard on his cock and then releasing after each convulsion.

“I’m gonna cum,” he said as he relentlessly hammered her pussy.

“Yes! Fill that pussy!” she screamed as she continued cumming.

“Fuck!” Kevin cried out as his cock cut loose inside her pussy. She felt the familiar sensation of his semen firing into her, bathing her insides with his molten heat. Her orgasm intensified as stream after stream of hot, sticky cum filled her insides.

He plunged his cock in one last time, and left it buried deep inside her. The tip of his cock was pressing hard against her cervix as his length and girth forced her insides to rearrange themselves to accommodate his size.

“See, I told you I missed you,” he whispered in her ear.

After a few seconds, she felt him withdraw his cock from her. It noisily plopped out of her when his flaccid cock fell and slapped against his leg. He staggered back a step or two, naked and with his cock glistening from their intermingled fluids. He plopped into a chair.

“What’s for breakfast? I’m starved!” he said with a chuckle.

“You’re the cook!” she exclaimed. “Why don’t you make us something?”

“OK,” he said, getting up.

Looking around, Kevin struggled to find anything.

“You know, we really needed to take a break from fucking around here and go get some groceries.”

“OK, we’ll go later if Crystal will give you a break,” Charlotte said, giggling.

With a nearly bare cupboard, Kevin was able to find a few things.

“Well, it looks like the best I can do is omelets. Will that be OK?” he asked.

“Just a crappy omelet?” she asked in a fake huff.

“Hey this ain’t Burger King, woman! You don’t get it your way. You get it my way, or you don’t get the damn thing!” he shot back her with a smile.

“In that case, an omelet sounds wonderful,” she told him.

A few minutes later, Kevin had prepared omelets for them both, still stark naked. They contained some ham and cheese, a diced tomato that was just about to go bad, and he had even thrown in some canned olives and mushrooms he found in the pantry. Simple but creative, it hit the spot.

“You know I can really get used to having a guy around that cooks nearly as well as he fucks,” she said looking into his eyes after she finished.

“Nearly as well?” he asked in a deadpan voice. He was clearly joking. “Are you complaining about my cooking?”

“Not at all. It was more of a compliment about your fucking actually,” she explained.

“Well in that case, thanks,” he told her.

“I saved enough stuff to make Crystal an omelette when she gets up,” he said. “I’m sure she’ll be hungry. I took her out to eat three times yesterday. That girl has the appetite of a field hand!” he said with a laugh.

“Usually, she eats like a bird. Were you guys doing anything that caused her to work up such an appetite?” she asked innocently.

“Oh, just a little of this, and a little of that,” he offered in a very faked lame explanation.

“Oh, just a little of what I saw last night, right?” she asked with a grin.

“Yeah, pretty much,” he said.

“That would explain the appetite,” she said, giggling.

Chapter Twenty-Four

Kevin

With Charlotte and Crystal, he quickly settled into a routine, albeit a very unorthodox one. Sometimes, he stayed in Charlotte’s room for the night. Sometimes he stayed in Crystal’s room for the night. There never seemed to be any rhyme or reason to where, but one of the girls would let him know where he was going that night. They seemed to work it out between them beforehand.

One thing was certain. His old room didn’t get used anymore, other than for his computer.

Another thing that was certain was that he was getting more pussy than a bicycle seat. And he wasn't complaining either.

Several weeks after he took Crystal to bed for the first time, he took Charlotte to another home football game to watch Crystal perform. It was the final home game of the season. Surprisingly, after Mark was benched as quarterback, the promising sophomore replacement led the team to a series of victories. It seemed the team had found the catalyst to win, and that was a new quarterback that could throw completions. Most of Mark's completions were to players on the opposing time.

At the urging of his father, who was a big-shot asshole in town, Mark had quit the football team in protest. It was a big story in town, but it didn't turn out the way they wanted. Most of the talk in town was that Mark quitting was simply a case of good riddance. The wave of protest that was supposed to lead to Mark's reinstatement simply never materialized.

By the time of the final game of the season, the team was miraculously on the verge of making the playoffs for the first time in years. So caught up in the excitement the town felt for the team, Kevin and Charlotte arrived at the game early, before the opening kickoff, instead of ducking in at the half to watch Crystal and then leave.

They entered the stadium with Charlotte hanging onto his arm. They made no secret of the fact that they were "an item." But Kevin laughed inwardly at what the town would think if they knew the whole story.

In the first half of the game, the home team did well against their opponents. The opposing team was a historical powerhouse team in the district, and as such were the odds-on favorites to win. However, the Mark's replacement came off the bench and led a blistering passing attack that racked up nearly 200 yards of passing offense in the second quarter alone. The sophomore threw for two touchdowns and ran for another one to bring the team back to just a three point deficit at the half. As the half wound down, the opposing side of the stadium was in hushed silence.

It was clear that if the home team kept up the momentum, the second half was going to be explosive.

Mark and Charlotte watched as Crystal performed with the drill team for the halftime show. Mark admired her lithe body doing the dance routine, which he considered to be pretty provocative for a school in a town full of bible-thumping Baptists. She definitely had the body to pull off the dance moves. He felt himself stirring with excitement watching her.

“Down Boy!” he thought to himself as his cock stirred in his pants.

“I’m going to run down to the concession stand for something to eat,” he told Charlotte after Crystal marched off the field. “You want anything?”

“No, I’m fine, thanks,” she said, smiling up at him. He leaned down and gave her a quick kiss. To hell with what anyone thought. She beamed.

As he approached the concession stand, he came around the corner at the bottom of the stairs and ran straight into someone.

Looking at the person he ran into, he realized it was Mark.

“Excuse me,” Kevin said.

“Why don’t you watch where you’re going, asshole!” Mark snarled.

Kevin noticed a group of guys behind Mark. There were five of them, all sneering in delight as Mark dressed Kevin down in public. That probably explained Mark’s courage as risking another beating.

“I said it ‘excuse me’ Mark. It was an accident,” Kevin said in a level voice.

“Well, you need to watch where you’re going,” Mark said menacingly as his posse began to crowd around him.

“Mark, I said ‘excuse me,’” Kevin said in calm voice. “For what it’s worth, I’ll even say I’m sorry.”

“But I hope you aren’t waiting on me to kiss your ass,” he added.

“Why I oughtta!” Mark started to bluster.

“Oughtta what, Mark?” Kevin said in a low voice. “Get your ass kicked again?”

Mark looked as if steam would begin shooting out of his ears any second. His face turned a livid red, fuming at having been humiliated in front of his posse.

“Come on, Mark! There’s six of us. Let’s kick his ass!” One of his posse members said in Mark’s ear.

Mark appeared to calm down somewhat, then took back control of his posse.

“No, not here. Too many cops,” he told his posse. “We’re gonna kick his ass, but I don’t want to get interrupted.”

Then turning back to Kevin he fixed him in his gaze and got right in his face.

“Later!” he said.

“Sounds good! See you then!” Kevin said cheerily. Then he brushed past Mark and went to the concession stand.

After getting some food and a drink from the concession stand, he returned to where Charlotte was in the stands. He took his seat next to her, and began shoving a hot dog in his mouth. She took his drink and began sipping some of his drink.

“I thought you didn’t want anything,” he said, laughing.

“I lied,” she said.

“I ran into Mark down by the concession stand,” he told her.

“How was that?” she asked.

“Not very pleasant. It started when I ran into him. Literally,” he told her with a chuckle.

“Did he act like an ass about it?” she asked him quietly.

“That would be putting it charitably. He had five other guys with him. They debated about whether to kick my ass now, and wait until later,” he told her.

“I guess they decided to do it later?” she asked, laughing.

“Yeah,” he answered.

“If I had to guess, those pricks are going to get drunk or high after the game and work up the nerve to come over and try. We better stay on our toes tonight,” he reasoned.

“Shit!” Charlotte said in disgust. “That’s just fucking great.”

They sat in silence for a few minutes, until the game recommenced. In the second half, the home team, under Mark’s replacement came out on fire. On the first play from scrimmage after taking the kickoff, the sophomore connected down the right sideline with a wide receiver who sprinted with the ball into the end zone for a touchdown. The

83-yard pass completion was just the first play of a brilliant second half that gave the team an unexpected victory by a four touchdown margin.

The stands erupted in jubilant celebration at the end of the game. The team hadn't been to the playoffs in years, and the whole town was beyond excitement at the prospect.

Chapter Twenty-Five

Crystal

Kevin and her mom came and got her after the game. The grave expressions on their faces betrayed the fact that they were worried about something.

"Is something wrong?" she asked her mom.

"Kevin had a run-in with Mark during the game," her mom told her. "We're afraid they might try something tonight."

"So it would be best if we get out of here, and you need to come home with us tonight," Kevin said.

"Honey, going out with your friends might not be a good idea. Not tonight," her Mom said.

"Well shit!" Crystal said. "I'm getting real tired of that asshole!"

"We all are," Kevin said.

They left the stands and made their way to her mom's car. She noticed that Kevin kept scanning the area vigilantly as he walked. They arrived at the car without incident and climbed in.

"You really think Mark is going to try anything after the way you kicked his ass the last time?" Crystal asked Kevin.

"Probably. He has five guys with him. That gave him a lot of courage it looked like," Kevin answered.

“He was drunk the last time. I suspect they’ll have a little liquid courage and then come over to the house to cause trouble,” he continued.

“What are we going to do?” Crystal asked.

“When he gets there, if he shows up, someone needs to immediately call the cops. I’ll take care of things until they arrive,” Kevin said reasonably.

“Kevin, there’s six of them!” her mom said, raising her voice.

Kevin looked at her mom and grinned.

“I know,” he said evenly.

“You can’t fight six guys by yourself!” her mom practically screamed at him.

“Baby, I won’t unless I have to. Just make sure to call the cops and get them there as quick as you can. Everything’s going to be OK,” he told her.

Crystal saw tears streaming down her mom’s face.

Chapter Twenty-Six

Kevin

They went back to the house. Nobody really wanted to go to bed, surprisingly. They all three ended up just finding a movie on pay-per-view and watching it together. Kevin selected a comedy in an effort to lighten the mood. Despite the fact that the movie was hysterical, there was very little laughter.

As he predicted, he heard a car pull up out front and the sound of car doors opening and closing. Crystal peeked out the window.

“It’s him,” she said.

Just as she turned away from the window, the silence in the room was broken by the sound of shattering glass. One of the assholes had thrown a brick through the window

Crystal had just looked out of.

“Yoohoo, can Kevin come out and play?” she heard a voice say loudly in a falsetto.

“Yeah, Kevin! Come out here so we can kick your ass!” she heard another voice yell.

“OK, girls. Call the cops,” Kevin said calmly. “I’ll be outside.”

“Kevin, don’t go out there. Just wait in here for the cops,” Charlotte said.

“Lock yourself in. I’ll be OK,” he told her in an even voice.

“Crystal!” a Mark’s voice yelled from outside.

Crystal said nothing.

“When we get done taking turns kicking your friend’s ass, me and friends are going to take turns with you!” he screamed at the house.

“Do they have little two inch dicks like you, Mark?” she questioned him by screaming out the broken window.

“Shutup, you bitch!” Mark screamed at the house.

Kevin laughed as he went out the door, which he locked behind him.

His karate instructor had always told him that when you made the decision that you had to fight, to go onto the offense and stay there. Never go defensive in a fight, or you will probably lose. That was exactly what he intended to do this time.

Leaving the house, he saw Mark about halfway across the front lawn. As he approached Mark his posse spread out on both sides of him, forming a ragged line across the front yard.

Well, I didn’t think you’d have the balls!” Mark sneered as he approached.

Then he made his first mistake. He stepped forward, moving a step forward of the rest of his posse.

Without saying a word, Kevin struck.

Kevin snapped off a combination punch at Mark’s face. Mark started to duck and counterpunch as Kevin’s blows landed on both sides of his face. Dropping into a low

fighting stance, Kevin kicked upward into Mark's chest as he staggered from the blows to his face. The kick knocked Mark backwards and he fell into the grass behind his posse.

One of Mark's posse ran forward from the right side. He was a tall but lanky teenager with an acne pitted face and tangle of red hair. Kevin shifted into a high fighting stance with his fist upraised ready to strike.

The teenager's fists raised, and he closed the distance and shot a jab toward Kevin's face. Kevin shifted slightly to the right as it to let the blow pass his face. Instead he reached with his hand and grabbed the incoming fist and enclosed in an iron hard grip.

Then he neatly pivoted the lanky teen's fist upside down, and snapped his wrist downward hard and fast. The wrist went past its range of motion and Kevin heard the sound of bones popping as he forced it past its range of motion. Kevin let go of the teen's hand, placed his other hand in his chest and shoved him roughly to the ground.

The lanky teen, screaming in agony, fell to the ground clutching his wrist.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw another guy make his move from the other side. Pivoting his head, he saw a form behind him aiming a punch for the back of his head. He twisted to the side as the blow shot past his head.

He reached up with both hands and grabbed the arm. Grasping it firmly, he pulled the over-extended arm savagely down across his shoulder. He heard the satisfying sound of breaking bones as the teen's elbow snapped at the joint. From behind him, he heard the blood-curdling scream of the teenager as his arm was snapped 90 degrees in the wrong direction.

Mark let go of his arm, allowing the teen to drop writhing to the ground.

Sensing motion on his left, Mark jumped and pivoted in that direction. Too late, he took a hard blow which struck the side of his face. A hard punch, it didn't hit any sensitive locations, but did stagger him as he was off balance from his pivot. He went down, but when he hit, he rolled quickly to create distance between him and his attackers.

He arched his back, placing his feet on the ground, and his hands on the ground above his head, and heaved himself up. He landed cat-like on his feet and immediately went on the attack against the guy that knocked him down.

He launched a double combination attack. He hit the teen twice in the gut with rapid fire strikes. He smelled whiskey on the breath of the teen as his wind was expelled by

the force of the blows. Then he savagely struck him in the face with a second double combination. The second blow caused the teens nose to explode in a spray of blood and snot.

The teen tried to fight gamely through a blow, but with his wind knocked out of him and unable to see from the tears filling his eyes, he launched a weak roundhouse blow.

Kevin parried the blow with his arm and held his arm high, and then fired off three savage kicks into the exposed ribcage under the boy's arm. Again, he heard the satisfying crunch of bones breaking as he shattered part of the boy's ribcage.

His head pivoting as if it was on a swivel, Kevin looked in every direction. Three teens sat or laid in the grass, holding various parts of their anatomy, while Mark and the other two were heading to the back of the car that they had arrived in. Reaching in the window, Kevin pulled out a baseball bat. The other two followed suit. They began to approach again.

"Oh, shit!" Kevin thought as he struggled to remain calm.

Mark kept a respectful distance, while the other two began to circle Kevin to get behind him.

Kevin weighed his options and began to formulate a plan. He decided to go straight for Mark, hoping that by demolishing him, the other two would decide this wasn't their fight.

Behind him, Kevin heard the sound of the door of the house opening.

"Get back in the house!" he yelled without looking to see who it was.

Coiled to strike, Kevin launched his attack on Mark. With the bat held like a batter at the plate, Mark waited on him. Kevin came in high, and waited for the right moment.

When he saw Mark begin his home-run cut toward his head, Kevin ducked and rolled across the ground. Coming up out of his roll he hit Mark in the groin with two rapid-fire combination punches. Mark cried out in pain as Kevin pummeled his nuts.

Kevin stood up, delivered rapid fire punches to Mark's midsection and face, and had the satisfaction of seeing Mark's nose, only recently healed from their last fight, smash flat out across his face. Blood spray from his collapsed nose. Mark started to sag to the ground, the bat dropping to his feet.

Kevin turned to face the last two attackers.

As he did, he heard the roar of a gunshot. He started from the noise and turned to look at the source of the sound.

He saw Charlotte putting a shotgun to her shoulder and leveling at the closest teen to her.

“All right you assholes! Drop the bats and get down on the ground. The next round isn’t going into the air,” she yelled in a commanding voice.

The teen closest to her, a large tow-headed oaf looked at her in stunned surprise. Kevin almost grinned when he saw a large wet stain begin to form in the crotch of his jeans.

“Down on the ground!” she commanded again. “I’ll kill you if you don’t!”

Both boys fell to the ground, dropping their bats.

“Hands behind your heads!” They both complied.

Looking up and down the street, he saw the just about every light in the neighborhood was on and many of their neighbors were outside standing in front of their house trying to see what the ruckus was about.

Kevin got up and collected all the bats from the downed teenagers. With that done, he turned to Charlotte, smiled, and gave her a thumbs up.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Charlotte

Charlotte stood on the front porch of the house with the shotgun in the crook of her arm like a bird hunter. She saw the cop cars slowly moving down her street toward the house. Crystal had been on the phone with the cops the entire time, while Kevin fought with Mark and his posse and Charlotte was getting the shotgun from under the bed.

“Mom, they say they won’t come to the house if you have the gun out,” Crystal yelled through the broken window.

“OK, tell him it’s put away,” Charlotte said.

She leaned the shotgun against the house next to her.

“Boys,” she told the two teenagers on the ground, “don’t get any ideas about running. It’s right here where I can reach it.”

“Yes ma’am,” she heard one of the boys say, his voice muffled because his face was buried in the grass.

One cop car cautiously pulled up the front of the house. The cop stepped out of the car.

“Where’s the gun?” he asked.

Charlotte jerked her thumb toward the gun leaning obviously against the wall of the house.

“Step away from the gun, ma’am,” he told her. She complied.

He came over to where the shotgun was, and worked the action several times to eject all of the rounds from the gun. He pulled the microphone attached to his lapel close to his mouth and told the other officers that the location was secure.

Quickly, four other cars pulled up and more cops got out.

“You’re probably going to need some ambulances,” Kevin said matter-of-factly.

The cop glanced around at the scene. The lanky boy was sitting in the lawn holding his wrist. The boy whose elbow was broken was laying on the ground, crying, trying desperately to keep his mangled arm from moving and causing him further pain. The boy with the broken ribs had managed to pull himself up into a sitting position, but was obviously coughing up blood. Clearly one of more of his broken ribs had punctured a lung. Mark was still unconscious, having passed out with his hands clutching his balls.

“Jesus, did these guys get in a fight here, or what?”

“No, they came here to attack me, and threatened one of the ladies here with sexual assault, Kevin explained.

“So who did all this?” the cop asked.

“I did,” Kevin said simply.

“You did all this?” the dumbfounded cop asked.

“Yeah,” Kevin said.

“Jesus!” the cop whispered.

The cop picked up his microphone again.

“Dispatch, we’re gonna need at least two ambulances at this location,” he told the voice on the radio.”

“Roger,” the voice said.

“So what happened?” the cop asked.

Kevin began telling what happened.

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Kevin

Kevin answered all of the cop’s questions, and gave a graphic and descriptive narrative about the events of the evening.

“So you had reason to believe that you were in danger as well as these ladies,” the cop asked him.

“Well,” Kevin said, “when Mark yelled that after they finished taking turns kicking my ass that they intended to take turns with Crystal, that pretty much told me what they intended to do.”

“You have any injuries?” the cop asked.

“I got hit in the face once, but it didn’t do any damage that I can tell. I might have a shiner in the morning, but no big deal,” Kevin told him.

The cop laughed.

“You did all this, and all they managed to do was hit you one time?” he asked.

“Yeah,” Kevin told him.

“Well, either they’re the worst fighters in the history of the world, or you’re just real good,” the cop said with a chuckle.

“Well, I’ve studied martial arts a little bit,” Kevin said.

“A little bit?” the cop asked.

“Yeah,” Kevin said simply. He didn’t feel a need to elaborate on the level of his skill unless directly asked.

“So do you want to press charges?” the cop asked.

“You’re damn right I do. That’s the second time that asshole has caused a problem,” Kevin said, jerking his thumb in Mark’s direction.

The cop looked over at Mark, who had been awakened by the paramedics. He was holding an icepack against his crotch.

“The one holding his balls?” the cop asked, with a chuckle.

“Yeah, his dad is some sort of hot-shot here in town, I hear,” Kevin said.

“Yeah, he is, but his son, Mr. Balls over there, is a real prick. He’s a member of what the local police here calls our “Frequent Flier Club,” the cop explained. “He causes a lot of trouble.”

“Anyway, I don’t see anything that you or the lady did that is a problem. Firing a shot in the air was technically a Class A Misdemeanor, but I’m not going to make an issue of that,” he told Charlotte.

She nodded.

“What I’m going to do,” he explained conspiratorially, “is say that you fired at one of the suspects and missed.”

“Why would you do that,” she asked.

“This is going to sound strange, but state law has no provision for firing a warning shot. Deadly force is deadly force. A warning shot into the air is considered reckless. It’s

strange, but if I just say you missed, nobody will give you any crap about it,” he explained in a low voice.

“Other than ribbing me for being the worst shot in the world! Anyone that misses at that range with a twelve gauge shouldn’t be allowed to own a gun,” Charlotte said with a laugh.

“And also, from the reports of the witnesses, nobody actually saw you fire the shot. They just heard it,” the cop said continued in a hushed tone. “So whatever you say is going to go.”

“Officer, upon further reflection, I guess I was nervous or something, but when I shot at that boy right there, I just flat out missed,” Charlotte said, having clearly listened to the officer’s well-intentioned, but clandestine advice.

The cop looked down at the tow-headed oaf with the piss-soaked jeans.

“Well, it doesn’t look like you missed by much. You made him piss himself!” the cop said laughing.

Kevin and Charlotte both laughed.

“As for these guys, they’re going to face some pretty serious charges. The three with the bats will face felony charges. The three who attacked with fists only, will probably just be cited for simple assault, which is only a Class C Misdemeanor.

“This is all in addition to four of them getting a trip to the hospital,” he finished with a chuckle.

As the last of the boys were taken off either in police cars or ambulances, the cop looked at them.

“You folks have an enjoyable rest of the evening. Call us if you have any more trouble,” he told them.

“Thank you, Officer,” they both told him.

The cop extended his hand to Kevin.

Kevin took it.

“And thank you for the public service you rendered tonight,” the cop whispered.

Kevin laughed.

“My pleasure,” Kevin said. “Anything for the boys in blue.”

The cop waved away to his car, shaking his head in disbelief.

“I’m tired,” Kevin said to Charlotte. “I think I’ll go to bed.”

I’d love to go to bed,” Charlotte answered. “But I’m not in the least bit tired.”

Kevin smiled.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

Charlotte

Several months later, things were still going along swimmingly. Charlotte was graduating from high school and was making plans for college. She was considering going to the local school where Kevin taught, in addition to considering some out of town schools.

Mark and his posse were no longer in the picture. Mark, with his daddy’s money, had avoided jail time, but left town to avoid the stigma attached to his actions. His two companions who joined him in attempting to attack Kevin with baseball bats were convicted of a felony charge of Assault with a Deadly Weapon. Both served jail time, but had been paroled with strict guidelines about their future behavior. The other three were convicted of simple assault and paid fines. However, Kevin’s smooth presence in court, and his skillful testimony had insured convictions for all of them. It was one more factor in Mark, and his entire posse, deciding to let bygones be bygones. They hadn’t so much as seen a single one of them in months.

Kevin continued to “room” at their house, although the financial aspect had pretty much gone by the wayside. He no longer paid rent, but without even being asked, he was

paying for quite a few of the expenses of the house. He also largely had taken over the cooking duties since he was the best cook in the house.

The night before her graduation, Charlotte and Kevin took Crystal to a really nice steak restaurant in Dallas, a two hour drive away. It was there that they were going to present their graduation gifts to Crystal, but neither had confided in each other what they had done.

At the restaurant, as their meal was concluding, Charlotte handed a small gift box to Crystal.

“Crystal, I love you very much and I’m very proud of you,” she told her. “This is my present for you graduating from high school.”

Crystal opened the box. She pulled from it a key.

“Mom, this is a car key! A Ford!” Crystal said excitedly.

“Yes, it is. I couldn’t carry the car. It was too heavy and wouldn’t fit in my purse,” Charlotte said with a smile. “It’s in the garage at home.”

“But I do have a picture of it,” Charlotte continued.

She pulled from her purse a snapshot of a cherry red Ford Mustang convertible. Around the middle of the car was a foot wide ribbon capped by an impressive bow.

“Mom! This is amazing! Thank you so much!” Crystal squealed, jumped up and hugged her mother. Other patrons in the restaurant looked over at the hubbub.

“Quick, let’s go home so I can see it!” Crystal said excitedly.

“Don’t you want to know what my present is?” Kevin asked.

“You got me something too?” Crystal asked.

“And like your mom, I didn’t bring it with me,” he told her. “You’ll have to wait and get them later.”

“What is it?” she asked suspiciously.

“A set of those,” he said, pointing at Charlotte’s breasts as discretely as possible.

“Implants! You’re going to get me implants?” she asked excitedly.

He knew that Crystal desperately wanted implants. She loved her mother's body and the only real difference was Charlotte's impressive rack. She had mentioned how she intended to get a boob job as soon as she could.

Since he had begun working at the college, he had gotten himself a new car, but still had saved an amazing amount of money since his living expenses were so low. With Charlotte no longer charging him for rent, he had socked away an impressive amount of cash. Springing for Crystal's boob job wouldn't even make a dent in his savings.

"Kevin, are you sure about that?" Charlotte asked.

"Definitely," I talked to the same doctor you used, and figured out what it would cost," he told Charlotte. "It's not a problem."

"So you can do it as soon as you are ready, and I'll take care of it for you," he told Crystal.

She leaped to her feet in her excitement and wrapped him in a huge hug.

"Thank you so much!" she said.

"There is one condition, though," he said seriously.

"What?" she asked.

"I get to play with them whenever I want to!" he whispered in her ear.

"Well, of course!" she told him.

Chapter Thirty

Kevin

Kevin was living on cloud nine.

He was teaching a light schedule for the summer, so he had lots of time to spend at home. Crystal and Charlotte insured that he never lacked for good sex. He spent the night with one or the other every night. Sometimes, they even all slept together, although there wasn't any sex involved on those occasions. Crystal had been to the plastic surgeon who was anxiously awaiting her implants, which were scheduled to be done later in the week.

Crystal loved her new car, and looked damned sexy in it. Predictably, she took him for a ride in the car. They drove out to a remote area of a state park nearby. She told him that she wanted to christen the car. She proceeded to let herself get fucked silly in the backseat of the car and then on the hood of it.

Kevin had finally gotten himself a new car. I got a great deal on a gently used black BMW convertible that he loved to death. He had talked both girls, one at a time, into taking a drive in the country. So his car got christened twice.

Several weeks later, Kevin came home from work. Coming into the house, he found Charlotte and Crystal both in the living room. Crystal had a long expression on her face. He looked at them, puzzled.

"Sit down. We need to talk," Charlotte told him.

"Sure," he said. He took a seat between them.

"Crystal went for her pre-op bloodwork today. She's going to have to wait for her surgery," Charlotte said.

"Why?" Kevin asked, turning to Crystal.

"Because they don't want to use unnecessary general anesthetic on someone who's pregnant," Crystal said, looking down, obviously not wanting to look Kevin in the eye.

"You're going to have a baby?" Kevin asked, dumbfounded.

"Yes," Crystal said.

"I thought you were on birth control," he said calmly.

"I was. I am!" she told him, exasperated and grasping to explain.

"I checked my pill dispenser," she went on. "I'm terrible at it. I always seem to miss a few pills every month. A couple of months ago, I actually missed three in a row. I'm

guessing that's when it happened."

He was speechless. He was going to be the father of an 18-year old's baby.

"Are you mad at me?" Crystal asked, looking down.

He took her lightly by the chin and turned her face up to his.

"Baby, no. Of course not. I love you and your mother very much," he told her. "Maybe I should have said that before now, but I do. Very much."

Tears streamed down her cheeks.

"I'm sorry, Kevin," she whimpered.

"Don't be," he told her. "It'll be OK."

"I'm afraid there's more," Charlotte said behind him.

He turned to look at her, and saw that she was holding a small plastic object. It had a round window at one end. Inside the window was a blue plus sign.

"That's Crystal's, right?" he asked, fearing what the answer was going to be.

"No. This one's mine," she said.

"You too? How?" he asked.

Charlotte had told him she was pre-menopausal. Her periods came very irregularly. While she had discussed birth control with him and her doctor, her understanding that she was highly unlikely to conceive due to her age. Frankly, they just hadn't worried about it.

"So are you mad at me?" Charlotte asked.

"Of course not," he stammered.

"You better not be, or you'll never get laid again!" she said laughing.

He laughed, and put his arms around both of them.

"I love you both very much. We'll figure out what to do. And whatever we do, we'll decide as a family," he said.

“Sounds good,” Charlotte said, snuggling into him.

“Yeah,” said Crystal from his other side.

He knew that they had a lot of thinking to do. The girls will have opinions on which course they want to take. At Charlotte’s age, there was a high risk of having a Downs Syndrome baby, so that was a concern. Crystal’s college plans were now sidetracked due to her pregnancy.

He just knew that he had a wonderful life with Charlotte and Crystal, and he didn’t want anything to mess that up. He would do whatever was needed to keep things going and on track, and he would manfully accept the responsibility for what he had done.

He could think of worse predicaments to be in. He had two beautiful women who loved him, and he definitely returned their feelings.

But one thing was very clear. His simple and easy life would still be wonderful, but would be much more complicated now that he had bred a mom and daughter.

The End

An Excerpt From

Looking For A Few Good Men:

Cougar On The Prowl

(The Gabi Long Diaries)

By Natalia Darque

I sat in the middle of the bench seat of John's truck as he sped down the Interstate toward my house. Just before the end of the concert, John had asked if he could give me a ride home. I immediately accepted. When I told Rita that I would get a ride home with John, she just winked at me knowingly.

Seated next to him in the truck, I felt the sensation of our legs pressed together as he drove. I put my hand down on his thigh, feeling the rock hard muscles of his legs.

“Your leg muscles are so hard. They must make you run a lot in the Marines, huh?”

“Yeah, at boot we were running at least five miles a day.” His voice was nonchalant, as if running five miles was nothing.

Trembling both with anticipation and a fear of getting rejected by this young Marine, I slowly and tantalizingly slid my hand further up his thigh. I heard a sharp intake of breath from John as my hand slid up over his cock. I could feel the hardness of his member through his blue jeans. I looked up at him. He glanced down at me with a startled look on his face struggling to keep his eyes on the road. His Adam’s apple bobbed up and down as he swallowed nervously.

“I see your legs aren’t the only thing that’s hard,” I slid my hand along the length of it. This Marine was packing some serious heat.

“I haven’t been with a woman since the night before I went to boot,” John barely managed to stammer out.

I had a nasty thought. Something I had always wanted to do, but never had the guts to try. Until now. But this impulse just happened to coincide with the opportunity. I felt I had no choice.

I reached down and unbuttoned the top button of his jeans. Since he was wearing button fly jeans, it was a simple matter of popping open the remaining buttons. Looking at him as I did it, I saw his eyes go wide in surprise. His Adam’s apple bobbed up and down again.

With one hand, I reached into his jeans, found the waistband of his underwear, and pulled it away from his body. Liberated, his cock sprung up, peeking out from underneath the waistband. Pushing and pulling gently, I managed to get his jeans and underwear down underneath his balls, exposing his cock fully. It stood at rapt attention.

Looking at him again, I saw that he was staring straight forward, trying to concentrate on his driving, but to no avail.

I looked back at his cock, which I held in one hand. I scooted my body across the seat until I was in the right position, and turned in the seat. Taking his cock in both hands, I slid my curled fingers up and down his length, feeling the hard fullness of his member. It appeared to be about nine inches long, with a bulbous helmet shaped head at the circumcised tip. I could see a drip of wet pre-cum at its tip, glistening in the semi-darkness of the truck’s cab.

I lowered my head into his lap and gently sucked the head of his cock into my mouth. I tasted the saltiness of the dripping pre-cum on my tongue. I felt him tense and his cock twitched in my mouth. As I swirled my tongue around the head of his cock, I began to slide it slowly in and out of my mouth.

I had just barely gotten started when I heard him gasp.

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